



Judith J. Harris











ANTONY AND GLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS

A decorative border of roses and leaves in red and black ink surrounds the central text area.

Booklovers Edition

*Antony and  
Cleopatra*

by  
William Shakespeare



*With Introductions,  
Notes, Glossary,  
Critical Comments,  
and Method of Study*



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## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## Preface.

**The First Edition.** *Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20th, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

**The Date of Composition.** There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607-8, *i.e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the Poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.\* The rhyme test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same late period.† So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and*

\* *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; *Coriolanus* 44, *Cymbeline* 52, *Winter's Tale* 43, *Tempest* 25, while *Macbeth* contains but 2 instances, *Hamlet* none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

† *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

*Cleopatra* links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet*. The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.\*

*Macbeth* III. i. 54-57 should be compared with *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. iii. 19-22; *Cymbeline*, II. iv. 69-73 with Act II. ii. 189-221; while the subject of *Timon* was in all probability suggested to the dramatist in reading for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

**The Source of the Plot.** *Antony and Cleopatra* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens* (*vide* Prefaces to these plays for Shakespeare's obligations to Plutarch). In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;† the glamour of the play is all the Poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the Poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

**Plays on the Subject of "Antony and Cleopatra."** Cleopatra has been among the most popular of subjects

\* The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the Poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

† A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's "*Life of Antony*" is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.



for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatra* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonie*, translated from Garnier, and Daniel's companion drama *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

“thy well-graced Anthony  
(Who all alone remained long)  
Required his *Cleopatra's* company.”

**Dryden's "All for Love."** Dryden's "*All for Love; or, The World Well Lost*," "written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" (pub. 1678, 1692, 1703, 1709) was its author's favourite production,—“the only play he wrote for himself”; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of its first model in fire and originality (*cf.* Baker's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Campbell evidenced this fact as a proof of England's neglect of Shakespeare, as a disgrace to British taste. “Dryden's *Marc Antony* is a weak voluptuary from first to last. . . . A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's *Cleopatra* alone could have entangled Shakespeare's *Antony*, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.”

**Duration of Action.** The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days, with intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval of twenty days.* Day 2, Act I. Sc. v.; Act II. Sc. i.-iii. Day 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Interval.* Day 4, Act II. Sc. v.-vii. [Act III. Sc. iii.] *Interval (?)*. Day 5, Act III. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval.* Day 6, Act III. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval.* Day 7, Act III.

## Preface

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Sc. vi. *Day 8, Act III.* Sc. vii. *Day 9, Act III.* Sc. viii.-x. *Interval. Day 10, Act III.* Sc. xi.-xiii. ; *Act IV.* Sc. i.-iii. *Day 11, Act IV.* Sc. iv.-ix. *Day 12, Act IV.* Sc. x.-xv. ; *Act V.* Sc. i. and ii. (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc., 1877-79*).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B.C. 42 to 30 ; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

“The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”



## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, the Roman Empire had been divided among the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Antony having summoned a vassal of his Eastern dominions—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt—to answer for her conduct in aiding Brutus and Cassius, is himself taken captive by her charms. He goes with her to Alexandria, where they give themselves over to the voluptuous life of her court. A messenger arrives to inform Antony of the death of his deserted wife Fulvia. Another messenger brings him word of an attack upon Italy by the maritime forces of Sextus Pompeius. Antony shakes off his amorous chains and hastens back to the seat of the empire.

II. Antony reaches Rome just in time to patch up serious differences with the other two triumvirs, to whom he explains the attack upon Italy as merely a feint on the part of his late wife Fulvia to recall him from Egypt. He renews alliance with the other triumvirs by marrying Octavia, the sister of Octavius. A treaty of peace is made between the triumvirate and Pompey.

III. Octavia, instead of serving as a bond to the friendship of Octavius and Antony, becomes a knot to strangle it; for Octavius soon breaks his peace with Pompey, defeats him in battle, and presently seizes Lepidus, whom he holds in prison. None now remains between Octavius and absolute dominion save Antony, who might have proved a strong rival had not the enticements of

Cleopatra lured him once more over sea, while his wife is on a mission of peace to Octavius, who, no doubt, is incensed because of the treatment his sister has received, but is also glad to have this pretext for attacking Antony. The hostile fleets engage near Actium, where the defection of Cleopatra's admiral gives the victory to Octavius. Antony seeks to make terms with the victor, and being unsuccessful, hurls defiance at him.

IV. The forces now encounter upon land, and Antony wins the first day's fight. But on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields Antony's fleet to the foe, and the desertion of other of Antony's forces leaves him defeated, disheartened, and dishonoured. In a stormy scene he upbraids Cleopatra with treachery, and soon after falls upon his sword. He dies in her presence, begging to lay his last kiss upon her lips.

V. Cleopatra, who, despite her duplicity, has been passionately engrossed with Antony and his fortunes, determines to follow him to speedy death. Her purpose is strengthened by the fact that Octavius makes her a hostage of war, and reserves her to grace his triumph. She flees to a monument, and there perishes by the bite of an asp secretly brought to her in a basket of figs.

McSPADDEN : *Shakespearian Synopses*.

## II.

### Antony.

The tragic interest evidently centres not in Cleopatra, but in the victim of her "strong toil of grace." In tracing the operation of her spell upon Antony, Shakespeare on the whole follows Plutarch's facts as far as they go; but he interprets and expands them in the light of his own finer psychology and humaner ethics. Some coarser and duller touches in both characters he effaces. The hoyden disappears in her; the vulgar debauchee, the sour misanthrope, and the gull, in him. In her most wilful and wan-

ton moods she is still the queen ; and Antony, revelling or raging, blindly rushing on his fate or desperately succumbing to it, is still the great-hearted man of genius. His subjection to Cleopatra is even more absolute in proportion as it acts through subtler and more complicated sources of attraction. It is just as fatal to his judgement and, for a moment, to his instinct of military honour. His fatuous decision to "fight at sea," and his unmanly flight in the train of Cleopatra and her fugitive galleys, seal his fate as surely in the play as in the history ; and Shakespeare exposes them, through the mouth of Enobarbus, as incisively as Plutarch. But for Plutarch the whole relation of Antony to Cleopatra, and indeed of lovers in general, is typified in this fatuous oblivion of his better self. . . . Antony's doings in the Parthian wars are wholly omitted ; his long sojourn in Rome becomes a brief visit. Of his two wives, Fulvia is only heard of as a troublesome thorn in his flesh, and Octavia's "holy, cold, and still conversation" is denuded of charm for us as for Antony. He has an exquisite phrase for her stillness, as for everything else ; but his marriage is purely diplomatic, even nominal, and it hardly needed the shrewdness of Enobarbus to foresee that "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity."

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

### III.

#### Cleopatra.

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the "Rare Egyptian"—individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth,

her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern colouring of the character; all these contradictory elements has Shakspeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classified elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery.

What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakspeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgement, bewilders and bewitches our fancy; from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: "enchanting queen!" — "witch" — "spell" — "great fairy" — "cockatrice" — "serpent of old Nile" — "thou grave charm!" are only a few of them; and who does not know by heart the famous quotations in which this Egyptian Circe is described with all her infinite seductions? . . .

To these traits we must add, that with all her violence, perverseness, egotism, and caprice, Cleopatra mingled a capability for warm affections and kindly feeling, or rather what we should call, in these days, a constitutional *good-nature*; and was lavishly generous to her favourites and dependents. These characteristics we find scattered through the play; they are not only faithfully rendered by Shakspeare, but he has made the finest use of them in his delineation of manners. Hence the occasional freedom of her women and her attendants, in the midst of their fears and flatteries, becomes most natural and consistent: hence, too, their devoted attachment and fidelity, proved even in death. But as illustrative of Cleopatra's disposition, perhaps the finest and most characteristic scene in the whole play is that in which the messenger arrives from Rome with the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia. She perceives at once with quickness that

all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitement, and at length into fury, is wrought-out with a force of truth which makes us recoil. . . . The pride and arrogance of the Egyptian queen, the blandishment of the woman, the unexpected but natural transitions of temper and feeling, the contest of various passions, and at length—when the wild hurricane has spent its fury—the melting into tears, faintness, and languishment, are portrayed with the most astonishing power, and truth, and skill in feminine nature. More wonderful still is the splendour and force of colouring which is shed over this extraordinary scene. The mere idea of an angry woman beating her menial, presents something ridiculous or disgusting to the mind; in a queen or a tragedy heroine it is still more indecorous; yet this scene is as far as possible from the vulgar or the comic. . . .

Shakspeare has shown profound judgement and feeling in adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and sentiments worthily fill up the outline is the most magnificent praise that can be given. The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—

Peace! peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse to sleep?—

these few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims, when gazing on her,—

She looks like sleep—  
As she would catch another Antony  
in her strong toil of grace,—

the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

I am not here the apologist of Cleopatra's historical character, nor of such women as resemble her: I am considering her merely as a dramatic portrait of astonishing beauty, spirit, and originality. She has furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies; yet Shakspeare alone has availed himself of all the interest of the story, without falsifying the character. He alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness—all her frailties of temper—all her paltry arts and dissolute passions—yet preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt and error.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Pascal says in his *Pensées*: “Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé.” But her nose was, as the old coins show us, exactly what it ought to have been; and in Shakespeare we feel that she is not only beauty itself, but charm, except in one single scene, where the news of Antony's marriage throws her into a paroxysm of unbeautiful rage. Her charm is of the sense-intoxicating kind, and she has, by study and art, developed those powers of attraction which she possessed from the outset, till she has become inexhaustible in inventiveness and variety. She is the woman who has passed from hand to hand, from her husband and brother to Pompey, from Pompey to the great Cæsar, from Cæsar to countless others. She is the courtesan by temperament,



but none the less does she possess the genius for a single, undivided love. She, like Antony, is complex, and being a woman, she is more so than he. *Vir duplex, femina triplex*.

From the beginning and almost to the end of the tragedy she plays the part of the great coquette. What she says and does is for long only the outcome of the coquette's desire and power to captivate by incalculable caprices. She asks where Antony is, and sends for him (I. ii.). He comes. She exclaims: "We will not look upon him," and goes. Presently his absence irks her, and again she sends a messenger to remind him of her and keep him in play (I. iii.):—

"If you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick . . ."

He learns of his wife's death. She would have been beside herself if he had shown grief, but he speaks with coldness of the loss, and she attacks him because of this:—

"Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be."

This incalculability, this capriciousness of hers extends to the smallest matters. She invites Mardian to play a game of billiards with her (an amusing anachronism), and, finding him ready, she turns him off with: "I'll none now."

But all this mutability does not exclude in her the most real, most passionate love for Antony. The best proof of its strength is the way in which she speaks of him when he is absent. Nor is it irony when Enobarbus, in reply to Antony's complaint (I. ii.), "She is cunning past man's thought," makes answer, "Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love." This is literally true—only that the love is not pure in the

sense of being sublimated or unegoistic, but in the sense of being quintessential erotic emotion, chemically free from all the other elements usually combined with it.

And outward circumstances harmonize with the character and vehemence of this passion. He lays the kingdoms of the East at her feet; with reckless prodigality, she lavishes the wealth of Africa on the festivals she holds in his honour.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

#### Octavia.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behaviour is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgement in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play "Octavia is only a dull foil to



Cleopatra." Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady.

Dryden has committed a great mistake in bringing Octavia and her children on the scene, and in immediate contact with Cleopatra. To have thus violated the truth of history might have been excusable, but to sacrifice the truth of nature and dramatic propriety, to produce a mere stage effect, was unpardonable. In order to preserve the unity of interest, he has falsified the character of Octavia as well as that of Cleopatra: he has presented us with a regular scolding-match between the rivals, in which they come sweeping up to each other from opposite sides of the stage, with their respective trains, like two peahens in a passion. Shakspeare would no more have brought his captivating, brilliant, but meretricious Cleopatra into immediate comparison with the noble and chaste simplicity of Octavia, than a connoisseur in art would have placed Canova's *Dansatrice*, beautiful as it is, beside the Athenian Melpomene, or the Vestal of the Capitol.

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "down-cast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole

compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to—

The swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide  
And neither way inclines.

MRS. JAMESON : *Characteristics of Women.*

## V.

### Enobarbus.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enobarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humour, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master, which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouthpiece of the author's judgement respecting the other persons; so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.

HUDSON : *The Works of Shakespeare.*

## VI.

### Shakespeare's Way and Dryden's.

If I were to select any historical play of Shakespeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be [*Antony and Cleopatra*]. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps,

a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Dryden's Marc Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, "There's a great spirit gone!" and his reflections on his

own enthrallment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.

CAMPBELL.

## VII.

### The Poet's Lesson.

We do not mistake this feeling of Cleopatra towards Antony for love; but he has been for her (who had known Cæsar and Pompey) the supreme sensation. She is neither faithful to him nor faithless; in her complex nature, beneath each fold or layer of sincerity lies one of insincerity, and we cannot tell which is the last and innermost. Her imagination is stimulated and nourished by Antony's presence. And he, in his turn, finds in the beauty and witchcraft of the Egyptian something no less incommensurable and incomprehensible. Yet no one felt more profoundly than Shakspeare—as his *Sonnets* abundantly testify—that the glory of strength and of beauty is subject to limit and to time. What he would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. The miserable change comes upon Antony. The remorseless practice of Cleopatra upon his heart has done him to death. And among things which the barren world offers to the Queen she now finds death—a painless death—the least hateful. Shakspeare, in his high impartiality to fact, denies none of the glory of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He compels us to acknowledge these to the utmost. But he adds that there is another demonstrable fact of the world which tests the visible pomp of the earth, and the splendour of sensuous passion, and finds them wanting. The glory of the royal festival is not dulled by Shakspeare or diminished; but, also, he shows us, in letters of flame, the handwriting upon the wall.

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare*.

## VIII.

## The Masterpiece of Passion.

Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Felicitur audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

Of all of Shakespeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it

more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgement as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love*.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*.

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The greatest monument of [Shakespeare's] dramatic subtlety is the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*. With all its noble bursts of passion and occasional splendour of description, this play has not perhaps the massive breadth of feeling and overpowering interest of the four great tragedies, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello*; but it is greater even than *Macbeth* and *Othello* in the range of its mastery over the fluctuations of profound passion: it is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays in the dramatist's greatest faculty. The conflict of motives in *Hamlet* is an achievement of genius that must always be regarded with wonder and reverence; but, to my mind, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the dramatist's masterpiece. One may have less interest in the final end of the subtle changes wrought in the hero and heroine: but in the pursuit and certain grasp of those changes, Shakespeare's dramatic genius appears at its supreme height.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets*.

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On *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspeare has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddened and distressed, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman

he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said,—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety; other women  
Cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.”

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose! And how that fatal inability to say “No” to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspeare.*



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*  
LEPIDUS,

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }

VENTIDIUS,

EROS,

SCARUS,

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

MÆCENAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS,

THYREUS,

GALLUS,

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN, *a eunuch.*

SELEUCUS,

DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

} *friends to Cæsar.*

} *friends to Sextus Pompeius.*

} *attendants on Cleopatra.*

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT FIRST.

### Scene I.

*Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train,  
with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come: 10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new  
earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me: the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;

\* Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?  
both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30

Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life

Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

*[Embracing.*

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet

We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood! 40

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?

I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,  
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives 50  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !  
No messenger but thine ; and all alone  
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

*[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar, who 60  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

*[Exeunt.]*

## Scene II.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing  
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's  
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ?

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,  
must charge his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

10

*Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

20

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me  
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and  
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to  
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion  
me with my mistress.

30

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names:  
prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to      40  
your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be  
—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.      50  
Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better  
than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,  
—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him      60  
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I  
beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him  
a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the  
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly! 70

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius? 90

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,  
Whose better issue in the war from Italy  
Upon the first encounter drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:  
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus— 100  
This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force  
Extended Asia from Euphrates,  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia,  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:  
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full license as both truth and malice 109  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds  
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us  
Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.  
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.*

Where died she?

*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon :

120

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.*

Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it :  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself : she 's good, being gone ;  
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off :  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130  
My idleness doth hatch. How now ! Enobarbus !

*Re-enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* What 's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our women. We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer  
our departure, death 's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion let women die :  
it were pity to cast them away for nothing ;  
though, between them and a great cause, they 140  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-  
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly ;  
I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer



moment: I do think there is mettle in death,  
which commits some loving act upon her, she  
hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing  
but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call  
her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are 150  
greater storms and tempests than almanacs can  
report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be,  
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful  
piece of work; which not to have been blest  
withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

160

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of  
a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of  
the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes  
are worn out there are members to make new.  
If there were no more women but Fulvia, then  
had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented:  
this grief is crowned with consolation; your old 170  
smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the  
tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot

be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's,  
which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the queen 180  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home; Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands  
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,  
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
Pompey the Great and all his dignities 190  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him. 10

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

*Enter Antony.*

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What 's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.*

Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.*

Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.*

How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.*

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read      60  
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know  
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war  
As thou affect'st. 70

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:  
That you know well: something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,  
Since my becoming's kill me when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides and flies,  
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,  
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.  
Away! [Exeunt.]

## Scene IV.

*Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and  
their train.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find  
there  
A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lcp.* I must not think there are 10  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary  
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes  
him,—  
As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones  
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time  
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud  
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30  
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is beloved of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less: 40  
It had been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime



Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: and all this—  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—  
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell. 80

*Lcp.* Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;

I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

### Scene V.

*'Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.*

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits  
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me: now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.*

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses— 40

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.*

'Good friend,' quoth he,

‘ Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; all the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb’d by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry? 50

*Alex.* Like to the time o’ the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well divided disposition ! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man ; but note  
him :

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his ; he was not merry,  
Which seem’d to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy ; but between both.  
O heavenly mingle ! Be’st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes, 60  
So does it no man else. Met’st thou my posts ?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :  
Why do you send so thick ?

*Cleo.* Who’s born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so ?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar !

*Cleo.* Be choked with such another emphasis !  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar !

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70

If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,  
To say as I said then! But come, away;  
Get me ink and paper:  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

## ACT SECOND.

## Scene I.

*Messina. Pompey's house.*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter Varrius.*

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis 30  
A space for farther travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Act II. Sc. ii.

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;      40  
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
Not moved by Antony.

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-  
     selves;  
 For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.  
 Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands      50  
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
 Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*Rome. The house of Lepidus.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.

'Tis not a time



For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion :  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter Cæsar, Mæcnas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia :  
Hark, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mæcnas ; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combined us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,  
May it be gently heard : when we debate 20  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,  
The rather for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies and to fight,  
I should do thus. [Flourish.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

Act II. Sc. ii.

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so,  
Or being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at, 30  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practised? 40

*Cæs.* You may be pleased to catch at mine intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother  
Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it,  
And have my learning from some true reports  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours,  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,      50  
Having alike your cause? of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me, but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak :

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar ;  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I required them ;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected rather,  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up 90  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mæc.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mæcenus.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall  
have time to wrangle in when you have nothing  
else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone. 111

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech, for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony 120  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa:  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.\*

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men, 130  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage  
All little jealousies which now seem great,  
And all great fears which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would each to other and all loves to both  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. ii.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak? 140

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway out great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand. 150  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 160  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness:  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus, 170  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.  
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

*Mæc.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenus!  
My honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mæc.* We have cause to be glad that matters are  
so well digested. You stayed well by't in  
Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, 180  
And made the night light with drinking.

*Mæc.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which  
worthily deserved noting.

*Mæc.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus. 190

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed, or my reporter  
devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were  
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie 201  
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem,  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, 210  
And made their bends adornings : at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, 220  
And made a gap in nature,



*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed: 230  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mæc.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry 240  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mæc.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The same. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.  
Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.      [*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?      10

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,      20  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine  
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter Ventidius.*

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;

Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*The same. A street.*

*Enter Lepidus, Mæcenus, and Agrippa.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.  
*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.  
*Mæc.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.  
*Lep.* Your way is shorter ;  
My purposes do draw me much about :  
You'll win two days upon me.  
*Mæc.* }  
*Agr.* } Sir, good success !  
*Lep.* Farewell. [Exeunt. 10

## Scene V.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music ; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*All.* The music, ho !

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone ; let's to billiards : come Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore : best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come too  
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :  
Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river : there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say the dead are well: bring it to that.  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will 't please you hear me? 41

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou 'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like ' But yet,' it does allay 50  
The good precedence; fie upon ' But yet '!  
' But yet ' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,  
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He 's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's married to Octavia. 60

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you? Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:  
[*She hales him up and down.*]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He 's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I 'll run.  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  
[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

*Char.* He is afeard to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.  
[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do 100  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.]



*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint : O Iras, Charmian ! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination ; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go : let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you  
Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene VI.

*Near Misenum.*

*Flourish.* Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet : at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, with Soldiers marching.

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
That first we come to words ; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent ;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

Act II. Sc. vi.

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't  
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what  
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen 20  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land indeed  
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:  
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleased to tell us—  
For this is from the present—how you take 30  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There 's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs.* }  
*Ant.* } That 's our offer.  
*Lep.* }

*Pom.* Know then, 40

I came before you here a man prepared  
To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey,  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;  
For I have gain'd by 't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;



As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness, 80

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs.* }

*Ant.* }

*Lep.* }

*Pom.*

Show us the way, sir.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

*Men.* [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me; 90  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are. 100

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

*Men.* You 've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia. 110

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band 120 that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will 130 use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

## Scene VII.

*On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

*Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

10

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenus, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.*

*Ant. [To Cæsar]* Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth 20  
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. vii.

*Lep.* You 've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

30

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

40

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus?

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

50

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?



*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he  
is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of  
that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt  
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?  
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes. 60

*Pom.* Thou hast served me with much faith. What's  
else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's  
twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove: 70  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

Act II. Sc. vii.

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;  
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue 80  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done,  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside*] For this  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here 's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid. 90

*Eno.* There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man;  
see'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: would it were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come,

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! 100  
Here 's to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer :

But I had rather fast from all four days  
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* [To Antony] Ha, my brave emperor!  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands, 110  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:  
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;  
The holding every man shall bear as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.  
[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!  
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd: 120  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey, good night.  
Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.  
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I 'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony, 131  
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are  
friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound  
out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

*Eno.* Hoo! says 'a. There's my cap.

*Men.* Hoo! noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

*A plain in Syria.*

*Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now  
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.  
Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 20  
Who does it the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier and his sword  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-  
tony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,



Act III. Sc. ii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band  
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:  
The elements be kind to thee, and make 40  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. ii.

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide  
And neither way inclines. 50

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he  
a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled  
with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,  
Believe't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you. 60

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!



Act III. Sc. iii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

• *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. iii.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

*Cleo.* That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing;

I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow—

*Cleo.* Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

Act III. Sc. iv.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee  
Most fit for business : go make thee ready ;      40  
Our letters are prepared.      [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.*      A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so : I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature 's no such thing.

*Char.*      Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :  
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.      50

*Char.* I warrant you, madam.      [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

*Enter Antony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import, but he hath waged  
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it  
To public ear :  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me ;  
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.*      O my good lord,      10  
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III, Sc. iv.

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia, 20  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men 31  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act III. Sc. v.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Scene V.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars  
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;  
would not let him partake in the glory of the  
action: and not resting here, accuses him of  
letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon  
his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is  
up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They 'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns  
The rush that lies before him ; cries ' Fool Lepidus ! '  
And threats the throat of that his officer  
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:  
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,  
 In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:  
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd  
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
 Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat  
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
 And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
 He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her  
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10  
 Absolute queen.

*Mæc.*                      This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
 His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:  
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
 Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she  
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,  
 As 'tis reported, so.

*Mæc.*                      Let Rome be thus  
 Inform'd.

*Aggr.* Who, queasy with his insolence 20  
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it, and have now received  
 His accusations.

*Aggr.*                      Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily

Act III. Sc. vi.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.*                                      Sir, this should be answer'd.                                      30

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abused  
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mæc.*                                      He 'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter Octavia, with her train.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!                                      40

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not  
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented                                      51





# Act III. Sc. vii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Cæs.* Welcome hither :  
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,  
 Till we perceived both how you were wrong led 80  
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
 O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
 But let determined things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused  
 Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
 To do you justice, make them ministers  
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
 And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady. 90

*Mac.* Welcome, dear madam.  
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
 In his abominations, turns you off ;  
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
 That noises it against us.

*Octa.* Is it so, sir ?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,  
 Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !  
 [Exeunt.]

## Scene VII.

*Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

*Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why ?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. vii.

And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.*                                      Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should not we  
Be there in person?

*Eno.*                      [*Aside*] Well, I could reply :  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.*                                      What is 't you say?                      10

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,  
What should not then be spared. He is already  
Traduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome  
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.*                                      Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.*                                      Nay, I have done.                      20  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter Antony and Canidius.*

*Ant.*                                      Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne ? You have heard on 't, sweet ?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.*                                      A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,

Act III. Sc. vii.     ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea: what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't. 30

*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepared for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land,  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo  
The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I 'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium,  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do 't at land.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act III. Sc. vii.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:  
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ; 61  
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, 70  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei-  
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as

## Act III. Sc. viii.-ix. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Beguiled all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. 80

*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and throes forth  
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene VIII.

*A plain near Actium.*

*Enter Cæsar, Taurus, with his army, marching.*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Taur.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,  
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IX.

*Another part of the plain.*

*Enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene X.

*Another part of the plain.*

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way;  
and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army,  
the other way. After their going in, is heard the  
noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,      9  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—  
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June!—  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,

## Act III. Sc. xi.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, 20  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter Canidius.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night  
Indeed.

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene XI.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Antony with Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;  
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:  
I am so lated in the world that I

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. xi.

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards  
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolved upon a course  
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:  
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir? 30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!



Act III. Sc. xi.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam, O good empress!

*Eros.* Sir, sir!

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah! stand by.

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*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:  
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

50

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act III. Sc. xii.

Command me.

*Cleo.*                    O, my pardon!

*Ant.*                                Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.*                                Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;                    70  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;  
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune  
   knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene XII.

*Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.  
Know you him?

*Dol.*                                Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

## Act III. Sc. xii.    ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be 't so: declare thine office. 10

*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronius.

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time:  
dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not 29  
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene XIII.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other, why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less 10  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she

Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose 20  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show 30  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued  
His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? See, my women,  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Attend.*]

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make

Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord

Does conquer him that did his master conquer,

And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter Thyreus.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50

Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,

Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour therefore he

Does pity as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserved.

*Cleo.* He is a god and knows 60

What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Act III. Sc xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Eno.* [Aside] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What 's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can, 80  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, 91  
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?  
I am Antony yet.

*Enter Attendants.*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100  
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,



Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever: 110

But when we in our viciousness grow hard—  
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is 't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure, 120  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130  
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.*

Is he whipp'd?

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say 140  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,  
When my good stars that were my former guides  
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150  
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160

Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170  
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,  
lady?  
If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:  
I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act IV. Sc. i.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my  
queen; 191

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

*[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]*

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200  
Some way to leave him. *[Exit.]*

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenæ, with his army:  
Cæsar reading a letter.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,  
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die, meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mæc.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Act IV. Sc. ii.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads 10  
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,  
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:  
And feast the army; we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius?

<i>Eno.</i>	<i>No.</i>
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*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on.  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night  
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand, 10  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—



Act IV. Sc. iii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Transform us not to women.

*Ant.*

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire  
you 40

To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

*Fourth Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10

Our landmen will stand up.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. iv.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*

*Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?

*First Sold.* List, list!

*Sec. Sold.* Hark!

*First Sold.*      Music i' the air.

*Third Sold.* Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

<i>Third Sold.</i>	No.
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*First Sold.* Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,  
Now leaves him.

*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!

*All.* [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! Do you hear this?

*First Sold.* Ay; is 't not strange? 20

*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;  
Let 's see how it will give off.

*All.* Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!



Act IV. Sc. iv.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Eros with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her: come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I 'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;  
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir. 10

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.  
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou : dispatch. O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see  
A workman in 't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
To business that we love we rise betime, 20  
And go to 't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. *Trumpets flourish.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. v.

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :

This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable 30

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I 'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close ; I 'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

*[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.]*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then Antony—but now—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene V.

*Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros ; a Soldier  
meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land !

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Who 's gone this morning?

Who!

Say 'I am none of thine.'

What say'st thou?

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

He has not with him.

Is he gone?

Most certain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*and others.*

Make it so known.

[*Exit*

Shall bear the olive freely.\*

Act IV. Sc. vi.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Antony

Is come into the field.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

### Unloading of his mules.

I give it you.

[Exit.

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

Act IV. Sc. vii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart :  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do 't, I feel.  
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [Exit.

Scene VII.

*Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

*Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H. [Retreat afar off.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet  
Room for six scotches more. 10

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act IV, Sc. viii.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.

*Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run one before,  
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me  
thy hand;

*Enter Cleopatra, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale.

Act IV. Sc. ix.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet  
ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day  
As if a god in hate of mankind had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

Scene IX.

*Cæsar's camp.*

*Sentinels at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: the night  
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

Act IV. Sc. ix.

This last day was

*Enter Enobarbus.*

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## Act IV. Sc. x.-xi. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Was never yet for sleep.

*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums  
afar off.*] Hark! the drums 30

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on, then; he may recover yet.  
[*Exeunt with the body.*]

### Scene X.

*Between the two camps.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;  
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven . . .  
Where their appointment we may best discover  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene XI.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter Cæsar, and his army.*

*Cæs.* But being charged, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act IV. Sc. xii.

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XII.

*Hills adjoining to Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter Antony.*

*Ant.* All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here, even here

Act IV. Sc. xii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave      21  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them  
home,  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!      30

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enraged against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails.      [*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere      40  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,  
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act IV. Sc. xiii.

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

### Scene XIII.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Char.* To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the  
monument! [*Exeunt.* 10]

### Scene XIV.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Antony and Eros.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

## Act IV. Sc. xiv. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these  
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct 10  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter Mardian.*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony ;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act IV. Sc. xiv.

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st  
 hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*  
 Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40  
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!  
 No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;  
 You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
 Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour  
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
 Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me: 50  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
 hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
 gaze:  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Act IV. Sc. xiv. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Re-enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died  
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent should come—which now  
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:  
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70  
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see 't.

*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xiv.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me! 80

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swore'st thou not  
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! [Turning from him.

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then : thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.

*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should and thou couldst not. My queen and

## Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100

As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!



Act IV. Sc. xiv.    ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Dercetas and Guard.*

*First Guard.*

## What 's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

*Sec. Guard.*

The star is fall'n.

*First Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.*

Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.

*First Guard.*

Not I.

*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.

*Third Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.* 110

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

Der.

There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.*

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit Dercetas.]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.*

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.*

Now, my lord.

*Ant.*

Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xv.

Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,  
ho!

Come, your lord calls.

130

*Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends, 139  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]*

Scene XV.

*The same. A monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian,  
and Iras.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

Act IV. Sc. xv.     ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, Diomedes.*

How now! is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o' the other side your monument;  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, II  
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;  
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips. 20

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xv.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up; 30  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—  
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;  
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight! 40

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar. 50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Act IV. Sc. xv.

## Act IV. Sc. xv.     ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest, and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

*Cleo.*                Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide                60  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,  
[*Antony dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She's dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt, 70  
Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!  
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:  
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend 90  
But resolution and the briefest end.

*[Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.]*

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene 1.

*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus,  
Proculeius, and others, his council of war.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.*

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st.

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice, 20  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mæc.* His taints and honours 30  
Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mæc.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars  
Unreconcilable should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

*Enter an Egyptian.*

But I will tell you at some meeter season:  
The business of this man looks out of him; 50  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

*Egyt.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
Confined in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egyt.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.* 60



*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus] Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella ! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

## Scene II.

*Alexandria. The monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius,  
Gallus, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but  
I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
You're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing:  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surprised.

*[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

*[Exit.]*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good haids. *[Drawing a dagger.]*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:  
*[Seizes and disarms her.]*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40  
Relieved, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.  
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. 70  
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.  
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamed there was an emperor Antony:  
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,— 81

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they lived in: in his livery 90  
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam. 100  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He 'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will ; I know 't. 110

[*Flourish and shout within* : ' Make way there : Cæsar ! ']

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculcius, Mæcenus, Seleucus,  
and others of his train.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world, 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear ; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce :

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130  
Of my good purposes and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we,  
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,  
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued,  
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus ? 140

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer : let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserved  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Scl.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar ! O, behold, 150  
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours,  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hired ! What, goest thou back ?  
thou shalt  
Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings : slave, soulless villain, dog!  
O rarely base !

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,  
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me, 160  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserved,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token have I kept apart  
For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded 170  
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go  
hence ;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance : wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.  
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought  
For things that others do, and when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be't yours, 181  
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you



Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear  
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:  
I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Cleo.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200  
Intends his journey, and within three days  
You with your children will he send before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd  
Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall 210

Uplift us to the view : in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be encloused

And forced to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us and present

Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220

I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that 's certain.

*Iras.* I 'll never see 't ; for I am sure my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that 's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter Charmian.*

Now, Charmian !

Show me, my women, like a queen : go fetch

My best attires : I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed, 230  
And when thou hast done this chare I'll give thee  
leave  
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.  
[Exit Iras. A noise within.  
Wherefore's this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. [Exit Guardsman.

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon 240  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly, I have him: but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for  
his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do  
seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of 250  
one of them no longer than yesterday: a very

honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

[*Setting down his basket.*]

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that ~~the~~ worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 270

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have 280

Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done? 290  
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base.  
If she first meet the curled Antony, 301  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch,

*[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]*  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
Unpolicied!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break! 310

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [Dies.

*Char.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. 321  
[*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

*First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's  
beguiled.

*Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call  
him.

*First Guard.* What work is here! Charmian, is this well  
done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*Sec. Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming 330  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!']

*Re-enter Cæsar and his train.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last,  
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*First Guard.* O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem 341  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :  
The like is on her arm.

*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves 351  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable  
That so she died ; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,  
And bear her women from the monument :  
She shall be buried by her Antony :  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them ; and their story is 360  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*





Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion Sacrificing to the Gods.  
*Sculptured in the great Temple, at Dendera, upper Egypt.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Glossary.

*Abhorring*, abomination; V. ii. 60.

*Abode*, staying; I. ii. 177.

*Abstract*; "the a. of all faults," a microcosm of sinfulness; I. iv. 9.

*Abused*, ill-used; III. vi. 86.

*Abyssm*, abyss; III. xiii. 147.

*Admitted*, acknowledged; registered (Theobald, "omitted"); V. ii. 140.

*Afear'd*, afraid; II. v. 81.

*Affect'st*, pleases (Folio 1, "affects"); I. iii. 71.

*Aid*; "pray in a," seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.

*Alcides*, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.

*Alike*; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.

*All-obeying*, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.

*Alms-drink*, "leavings" (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.

*Angle*, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10. (Cp. illustration.)

*Answer*, render account; III. xiii. 27.

*Antoniad*, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.

*Apace*, fast; IV. vii. 6.

*Appeal*, impeachment; III. v. 12.

*Approof*; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a," i.e. "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.

*Approves*, proves; I. i. 60.

*Arabian bird*, i.e. the Phoenix; III. ii. 12.

*Argument*, proof; III. xii. 3.

*Arm-gaunt* (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.

*Armourer*, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.

*As*, as if; I. ii. 100.

*Aslowas*, lower than; III. iii. 37.

*Aspic*, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.



From a wall-painting in a Theban tomb.

*Aspic's* (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Aspects*") ; V. ii. 350.

*As't*, as if it ; IV. viii. 6.

*At heel of*, on the heels of, immediately after ; II. ii. 159.

*Atone*, reconcile ; II. ii. 102.

*Attend*, witness, take notice of ; II. ii. 60.

—, await ; III. x. 32.

*Augurer*, diviner, foreteller ; V. ii. 333.

*Auguring*, prophesying ; II. i. 10.

*Avoid*, begone, withdraw ; V. ii. 242.

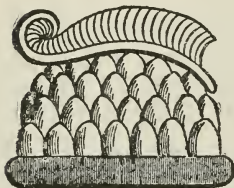
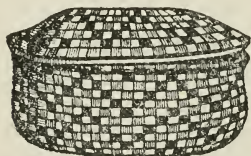
*Awry*, not straight (Pope's emendation of Folios, "*away*") ; V. ii. 318.

*Band*, bond ; II. vi. 128 ; III. ii. 26.

*Banquet*, dessert ; I. ii. 11.

*Bark'd*, peeled ; IV. xii. 23.

*Basket* ; "enter Clown bringing in a basket" ; V. ii. 241.



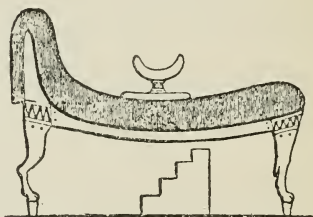
(direc.). The annexed cuts represent ancient Egyptian baskets, fig. 2 showing also the fruit covered by a palm-leaf.

*Battery* ; "b. from my heart," i.e. the battery proceeding from the beating of my heart ; IV. xiv. 39.

*Battle*, army ; III. ix. 2.

*Beck'd*, beckoned ; IV. xii. 26.

*Bed* ; "the bed of Ptolemy" ; I. iv. 17. (Cp. illustration.)



From a wall painting on the tomb  
Rameses III., at Thebes.

*Beguiled*, cheated ; V. ii. 323.

*Belike*, I suppose ; I. ii. 35.

*Bench-holes*, holes of a privy ; IV. vii. 9.

*Bereave*, deprive ; V. ii. 130.

*Best*, it were best ; IV. vi. 26.

*Bestrid*, did stride over ; V. ii. 82.

*Betime*, betimes, in good time ; IV. iv. 20.

*Blown*, swollen ; V. ii. 348.

*Blows*, swells ; IV. vi. 34.

*Boar* ; "the b. of Thessaly," i.e. the bear killed by Meleager ; IV. xiii. 2.

*Boggler*, inconstant woman ; III. xiii. 110.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Glossary

*Bolts up*, fetters; V. ii. 6.

*Bond*, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.

*Boot*; "make b.," take advantage; IV. i. 9.

*Boot thee with*, give thee to boot. give thee in addition; II. v. 71.

*Boy my greatness*, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.

*Branded*, stigmatised; IV. xiv. 77.

*Brave*, defy; IV. iv. 5.

*Break*. communicate; I. ii. 179.

*Breather*, one who lives; III. iii. 24.

*Breathing*, utterance; I. iii. 14.

*Brecse*, gadfly; III. x. 14.

*Brief*, summary; V. ii. 138.

*Bring*, take; III. v. 24.

*Bring me*, i.e. bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.

*Brooch'd*, adorned as with a brooch (Wray conj. "brook'd"); IV. xv. 25.

*Burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.

*But*, if not; V. ii. 103.

*But being*, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.

*But it is*, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.

*By*, according to; III. iii. 43.

*Call on him*, call him to account; (?) "visit" (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.

*Cantle*, piece; III. x. 6.

*Carbuncled*, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.

*Carriage*; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, i.e. his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.

*Carries beyond*, surpasses; III. vii. 76.

*Cast*, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.

*Chance*; "wounded ch.," broken fortunes; III. x. 36.

—, fortune; V. ii. 174.

—, occur; III. iv. 13.

*Chare*, task; V. ii. 231.

*Chares*, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.

*Charm*, charmer; IV. xii. 16.

*Check*, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.

*Chuck*, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.

*Circle*, crown; III. xii. 18.

*Clip*, embrace; IV. viii. 8.

—, surround; V. ii. 358.

*Close*, hidden; IV. ix. 6.

*Cloth-of-gold of tissue*, i.e. "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 202.

*Clouts, cloths*; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.

*Cloyless*, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.

*Colour*, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.

*Comes dear'd*, becomes endeared (Folios, "comes fear'd"); I. iv. 44.

*Comfort*; "best of c.," i.e. "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, "Be of comfort"); III. vi. 89.

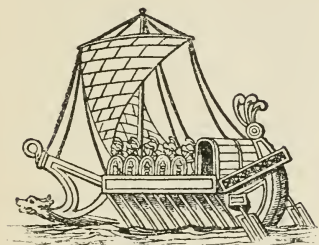
- Command*, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
- Commission*, warrant; II. iii. 41.
- Comparisons*, advantages, *i.e.* "things in his favour, when compared to me" (Pope, "*caparisons*"); III. xiii. 26.
- Competitor*, associate; I. iv. 3.
- Compose*, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
- Composure*, composition; I. iv. 22.
- Conclusion*; "still c.," *i.e.* quiet inference (Collier MS., "*still condition*"); IV. xv. 28.
- Conclusions*, experiments; V. ii. 354.
- Confound*, waste; I. i. 45.
- , destroy; III. ii. 58.
- Congelment*, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
- Content*, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
- Continent*; "thy c.," that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
- Contriving*; "many our c. friends," *i.e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 184.
- Conversation*, deportment; II. vi. 123.
- Corrigible*, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
- Couch*, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
- Could*, would gladly; I. ii. 128.
- Course*, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
- Court of guard*, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
- Crack*, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
- Crescent*, increasing; II. i. 10.
- Crested*, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
- Crownet*, crown; IV. xii. 27.
- Crownets*, coronets; V. ii. 91.
- Cunning*, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 147.
- , skill, art; II. iii. 34.
- Curious*, careful; III. ii. 35.
- Curstness*, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.
- Daff't*, doff it, take it off (Folio 1, "*daft*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*doft*"; Rowe, "*dof't*"); IV. iv. 13.
- Dare*, defiance; I. ii. 186.
- Darkens*, obscures; III. i. 24.
- Darkling*, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
- Dealt on lieutenantry*, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
- Death and honour*, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
- Declined*, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
- Defeat'st*, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
- Defend*, forbid; III. iii. 46.
- Demon*, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
- Demurely*, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
- Demuring*, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
- Deputation*; "in d.," by deputy (Folios, "*disputation*"); III. xiii. 74.
- Derogately*, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
- Desires*; "your d. are yours." your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
- Determine*, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

- Determines*, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.
- Diminutives*, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.
- Disaster*, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
- Discandy*, melt; IV. xii. 22.
- Discandying*, melting, thawing (Ff., "*discandering*"; Rowe. "*discattering*"; III. xiii. 165.
- Discontents*, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
- Dislimns*, effaces, blots out (Folios, "*dislimes*"); IV. xiv. 10.
- Dismission*, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
- Disponge*, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
- Dispose*, dispose of; V. ii. 186.
- Disposed*, settled matters (Collier MS., "*compos'd*"); IV. xiv. 123.
- Disposition*; "pinch one another by the d," "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 7.
- Distractions*, detachments; III. vii. 77.
- Divine*, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 116.
- Doits*, the smallest sum of money (Folios, "*Dolts*," i.e. fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.
- Doughty-handed*, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
- Dread*, fear; IV. xiv. 127.
- Droven*, driven; IV. vii. 5.
- Dumb'd*, silenced (Folios, "*dumb*"; Warburton, "*done*"); I. v. 50.
- Ear*, plough; I. iv. 49.
- Earing*, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 112.
- Ebb'd*, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
- Edges*, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.
- Edict*; "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.
- Effects*, realisation; V. ii. 330.
- Egypt*, i.e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
- Egypt's widow*, i. e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
- Elder*, better, superior; III. x. 13.
- Embattle*, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
- Emboss'd*, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term (Folios, "*imboast*"); IV. xiii. 3.
- Enforce*, urge; II. ii. 99.
- , lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.
- Enfranched*, enfranchised (Theobald, "*enfranchis'd*"); III. xiii. 149.
- Enfranchise*, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
- Enow*, enough (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
- Ensued*, followed; IV. xiv. 77.
- Entertainment*, reception; III. xiii. 140.
- , service; IV. vi. 17.

- Enter with*, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.
- Envy*, malice; V. ii. 164.
- Estridge*, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.
- Eternal*; "e, in our triumph," i.e. "be for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "eternaling"); V. i. 66.
- Every of*, every one of; I. ii. 38.
- Evidence*, proof; I. iii. 74.
- Exigent*, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.
- Expedience*, expedition; I. ii. 180.
- Extended*, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 102.
- Eye*, appear; I. iii. 97.
- Faction*, dissension; I. iii. 48.
- Fairy*, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.
- Fall*, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.
- , let fall; III. xi. 67.
- Fallible*; blunder for *infallible* (Folio 1, "falliable"); V. ii. 258.
- Fame*, rumour, report; II. ii. 165.
- Fast and loose*, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.
- Fats*, vats; II. vii. 119.
- Favour*, face, countenance; II. v. 38.
- Fear*, frighten; II. vi. 24.
- Fearful*, full of fear; III. xi. 55.
- Feature*, external appearance; II. v. 112.
- Feeders*, parasites; III. xiii. 109.
- Fellows*, companions; IV. ii. 13.
- Fervency*, eagerness; II. v. 18.
- Fetch in*, take, capture; IV. i. 14.
- Fever*, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.
- Figs*; "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 32.
- Files*, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.
- Finish*, end, die; V. ii. 193.
- Flaw*; "becomes his f.," i.e. "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.
- Fleet*, float (Rowe, "float"); III. xiii. 171.
- Flush youth*, "youth ripened to manhood" (Folios 2, 3, 4, "flesh y."); I. iv. 52.
- Foison*, plenty; II. vii. 21.
- Follow'd*, chased; V. i. 36.
- Footmen*, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.
- For*, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.
- Forbear*, withdraw; V. ii. 175.
- Forbear me*, leave me alone; I. ii. 122.
- Formal*, ordinary; II. v. 41.
- Forspoke*, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
- Forth*, out of; IV. x. 7.
- For that*, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.
- , because; III. vii. 30.
- Frame to*, conform; V. i. 55.
- From*, away from; II. vi. 30.
- Front*, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.
- Fronted*, opposed; II. ii. 61.
- Frustrate*, frustrated; V. i. 2.
- Fullest*, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.



*Galley*; II. vi. 82. (*Cp. illustration.*)



From the *Vatican Virgil MS.*

*Carboils*, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.

*Gaudy*, festive; III. xiii. 183.

*Gests*, deeds (Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*guests*"); IV. viii. 2.

*Get*, win; IV. viii. 22.

*Give*, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.

*Give off*, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.

*Got*, won; V. ii. 30.

*Got upon*, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.

*Grace*, honour; III. xiii. 81.

—; "to gr.," by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.

*Graceful*, favourable; II. ii. 60.

*Grants*, allows, admits; III. i. 29.

*Grates me*, it vexes me; I. i. 18.

*'Greed*, agreed; II. vi. 38.

*Green sickness*, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.

*Griefs*, grievances; II. ii. 100.

*Grow to*, be added to; II. ii. 25.

*H*, formerly pronounced *ache*; here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.

*Hap*, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.

*Haply*, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.

*Hardly*, with difficulty; V. i. 74.

*Harried*, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.

*Hearts*; "my h.," a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.

*Heaviness*, used with play upon the two senses of the word (i) weight, (ii) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.

*Heavy*, sad; IV. xv. 40.

*Held my cap off*, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 60.

*Herod*, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.

*Hie*, hasten; II. iii. 15.

*Hie thee*, hasten; V. ii. 194.

*High-battled*, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.

*His*, its; III. xii. 10.

*Holding*, burden of the song; II. vii. 115.

*Homager*, vassal; I. i. 31.

*Home*, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 106.

*Hope*, suppose; II. i. 38.

*Humanity*, human nature; V. i. 32.

*Idleness*, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.



*If that, if*; III. xiii. 80.  
*Immoment*, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.  
*Immortal*, blunder for *mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 247.  
*Imperious*, imperial; IV. xv. 23.  
*Import*, carry with them; II. ii. 134.  
*Impress*, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.  
*In*, in for it; II. vii. 34.  
*Inclips*, encloses; II. vii. 71.  
*Ingross'd*, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.  
*Inhoop'd*, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38. (The annexed copy of an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.)



*Injurious*, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.  
*Intend*; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.

*Intrinsic*, intricate (Capell's Errata, "*intrinsecate*"; Wray conj. "*intricate*"); V. ii. 304.

*Isis*, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 61.

*It own*, its own; II. vii. 46.

*Jack*, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.

*Jaded*, spurned; III. i. 34.

*Jump*, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

*Keep*; "k. yourself within yourself," keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.

*Kind*; "do his k.," i.e. "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 263.

*Knave*, boy; IV. xiv. 12.

—, servant; V. ii. 3.

*Known*, known each other; II. vi. 86.

*Lack blood*, turn pale; I. iv. 52.

*Lance*, cut; in order to cure (Folios, "*launch*"; Pope, "*launce*"); V. i. 36.

*Languish*, lingering disease (Johnson conj. "*anguish*"); V. ii. 42.

*Lank'd*, became thin; I. iv. 71.

*Late*, lately; IV. i. 13.

*Lated*, belated; III. xi. 3.

*Legions*, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.

*Length*, length of life (Steevens conj. "*life*") ; IV. xiv. 46.

*Lethe'd*, oblivious, unconscious (Folios, "*Lethied*") ; II. i. 27.

*Levell'd at*, guessed at; V. ii. 335.

*Lichas*, the companion of Hercules (Folios, "*Licas*") ; IV. xii. 45.

*Life*; "her l. in Rome," i.e. her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.

*Lightness*, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.

*Like*, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37. —, likely; III. xiii. 29.

*List*, listen to; IV. ix. 6.

*Loathness*, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.

*Loof'd*, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.

*Lottery*, prize; II. ii. 246.

*Loud*, in high words; II. ii. 21.

*Luxuriously*, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

*Make note*, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.

*Mallard*, drake; III. x. 20.

*Mandragora*, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.

*Marble-constant*, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.

*Mean*, means; III. ii. 32.

*Mechanic*, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.

*Medicine*, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.

*Meeter*, more fitting; V. i. 49.

*Meetly*, well; I. iii. 81.

*Mered*; "m. question," i.e. "the sole cause and subject of the war" (Rowe, "*meer*";

Johnson, "*mooted*"; Jackson, "*meted*"; Kinnear, "*mercest*," etc.); III. xiii. 10.

*Merely*, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.

*Merits*, deserts; V. ii. 178.

*Mermaids*; II. ii. 210. (Cp. illustration.)



From L. Andrewe's *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde*, n. d.

*Mind*; "less noble m.," i.e. being of less noble mind (Rowe, Pope, "*less noble-minded*") ; IV. xiv. 60.

- Mingle*, union; I. v. 59.  
*Misdoubt*, mistrust; III. vii. 63.  
*Mislike*, dislike; III. xiii. 147.  
*Missive*, messenger; II. ii. 74.  
*Mis-thought*, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.  
*Modern*, ordinary; V. ii. 167.  
*Moe*, more; IV. xiv. 18.  
*Moment*; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 144.  
*Moody*, sad; II. v. 1.  
*Moons*, months; III. xii. 6.  
*Morn-dew*, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.  
*Mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 303.  
*Most*, utmost; II. ii. 168.  
*Motion*; "in my m.," intuitively; II. iii. 14.  
*Mount*; "at the M.," i.e. M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.  
*Muleters*, muleteers, mule-drivers (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Muliters*"; Folio 1, "*Militers*"); III. vii. 36.  
*Mused of*, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.  
*Muss*, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.  
*Naught*, worthless; IV. xv. 78.  
*Negligent*; "in n. danger," i.e. in danger through being negligent; III. vi. 81.  
*Nessus*; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.  
*Nice*, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.  
*Nick'd*, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.  
*Noises it*, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.  
*Number*, put into verse; III. ii. 17.  
*O*, circle; V. ii. 81.  
*Oblivion*, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.  
*Observance*, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.  
*Obstruct*, obstruction (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*abstract*"; Keightley, "*obstruction*"; Cartwright conj. "*obstacle*"); III. vi. 61.  
*Occasion*, necessity; II. vi. 132.  
*Of*, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 160.  
 —, about, concerning; II. vi. 116.  
 —, from; IV. viii. 22.  
 —, for; IV. xv. 60.  
 —, with; V. ii. 212.  
*Office*, function, service; I. i. 5.  
*On*, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.  
*Oppression*, difficulty (Warburton conj., adopted by Hammer, "*opposition*"); IV. vii. 2.  
*Orbs*, spheres; III. xiii. 146.  
*Ordinary*, meal; II. ii. 230.  
*Ostentation*, display (Theobald. "*ostent*"; S. Walker conj. "*ostention*"); III. vi. 52.  
*Out-go*; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.

- Outstrike*, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
- Owe*, own; IV. viii. 31.
- Pace*, break in; II. ii. 64.
- Pack'd*, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.
- Pacorus*, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
- Pales*, impales, encloses; II. vii. 71.
- Pall'd*, decaying, waning; II. vii. 85.
- Palter*, equivocate; III. xi. 63.
- Pants*, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
- Paragon*, compare; I. v. 71.
- Parcel*; "a p. of," *i.e.* of a piece with; III. xiii. 32.
- , specify; V. ii. 163.
- Part*, depart; I. ii. 181.
- Particular*, private affairs; I. iii. 54.
- , personal relation; IV. ix. 20.
- Partisan*, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
- Parts*, sides; III. iv. 14.
- Past*, beyond; I. ii. 147.
- Patch a quarrel*, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.
- Pelleted*, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.
- Penetrative*, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.
- Perforce*, of necessity; III. iv. 6.
- Period*, end; IV. ii. 25.
- Persisted*; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.
- Petition*; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 185.
- Piece*, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.
- , master-piece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "*prize*") ; V. ii. 99.
- Pinion'd*, bound; V. ii. 53.
- Pink eyne*, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 118.
- Placed*, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.
- Plant*, place; IV. vi. 9.
- Planted*, rise (Warburton MS., "*planned*") ; I. iii. 26.
- Plants*, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.
- Plated*, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.
- Plates*, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.
- Pleach'd*, folded; IV. xiv. 73.
- Points*, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.
- Pole*, load-star; IV. xv. 65.
- Port*, gate; IV. iv. 23.
- , carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.
- Possess*, give possession; III. xi. 21.
- Possess it*, *i.e.* (?) "be master of it" (Collier MS., "*Profess it*"; Kinnear conj. "*Pledge it*," etc.); II. vii. 104.
- Power*, armed force; III. vii. 58.
- , vital organ; III. xii. 36.
- Practised*, plotted; II. ii. 40.
- Practise on*, plot against; II. ii. 39.
- Pray ye*, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 113.

*Precedence*, what has preceded; II. v. 51.  
*Prescript*, direction; III. viii. 5.  
*Precedent*, former; IV. xiv. 83.  
*Pregnant*, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.  
*Present*, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.  
*Present*, represent; V. ii. 217.  
*Presently*, immediately; II. ii. 160.  
*Process*, mandate; I. i. 28.  
*Project*, shape, form (Hammer, "*parget*"; Warburton, "*procter*"; Orger conj. "*perfect*"); V. ii. 121.  
*Proof of harness*, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.  
*Proper*, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.  
*Propertied*, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.  
*Prorogue*, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.  
*Prosecution*, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.  
*Ptolemy*; "the queen of Pt.," i.e. belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.  
*Purchased*, acquired; I. iv. 14.  
*Purge*, be cured; I. iii. 53.  
*Pyramises*, pyramids; II. vii. 35.  
*Quality*, character; I. ii. 193.  
*Queasy*, disgusted; III. vi. 20.  
*Quick*, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 216.  
*Quicken*, receive life; IV. xv. 39.  
*Quit*, requite; III. xiii. 124.

*Race*; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hammer, "*ray*"); I. iii. 37.  
*Rack*, floating vapour; IV. xiv. 10.  
*Ram*, thrust (Hammer, "*Rain*"; Delius conj. "*Cram*"); II. v. 24.



From the sculpture on Trajan's column at Rome.

*Ranged*, disposed in order; I. i. 34.  
*Ranges*, ranks; III. xiii. 5.  
*Rates*, is worth; III. xi. 69.  
*Raught*, reached; IV. ix. 29.  
*Reel*, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.  
*Regiment*, sway III. vi. 95.  
*Religion*, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.  
*Remarkable*, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.  
*Remove*, removal, departure; I. ii. 198.  
*Render*, give up; III. x. 33.  
*Render'd*, gave up (Folio 1, "*rendred*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*tendred*"); IV. xiv. 33.  
*Reneges*, denies; I. i. 8.

*Reports*, reporters; II. ii. 47.

*Requires*, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.

*Revolted*, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.

*Ribaudred*, lewd (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*Yon'ribald-rid nag*"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "*Yon ribald hag*," etc.); III. x. 10.

*Riggish*, wanton; II. ii. 243.

*Right*, very, true; IV. xii. 28.

*Rivality*, co-partnership; III. v. 8.

*Rive*, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

*Safe*, make safe; I. iii. 55.

*Safed*, conducted safely (Steevens conj.; Folios, "*saf't*"); IV. vi. 26.

*Salt*, wanton; II. i. 21.

*Scald*, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.

*Scantly*, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.

*Scotches*, cuts; IV. vii. 10.

*Scrupulous*, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.

*Seal*, make an end (Hanmer, "*sleep*"; Johnson conj. "*seel*"); IV. xiv. 49.

*Seel*, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.

*Self*, same; V. i. 21.

*Semblable*, similar; III. iv. 3.

*Sennet*, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17 (direc.).

*Several*, separate; I. v. 62.

*Shall*, will; II. i. 1.

*Shards*, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.

*Should make*, ought to have made; V. i. 14.

*Shown*, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.

—, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.

*Shows*, seems, appears; I. ii. 165.

*Shrewd*, bad; IV. ix. 5.

*Shrowd*, shelter, protection (Hanmer, "*shrowd, the great*"; Collier MS., "*shrowd, who is*"; Bulloch conj. "*stewardship*"; Gould conj. "*shield*"); III. xiii. 71.

*Sigs*, "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.

*Sirs*, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.

*Snare*, trap; IV. viii. 18.

*So*, if only (according to some = thus); I. iii. 73.

—, if; III. xiii. 15.

*Sober*, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.

*Soils*, blemishes (Folios, "*foyles*" and "*foyls*"; Collier conj. "*foibles*"); I. iv. 24.

*Something*, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 348.

*Soonest*, quickest; III. iv. 27.

*Soothsay*, predict; I. ii. 48.

*Sottish*, stupid; IV. xv. 79.

*Space*, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.

*Spaniel'd*, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.

*Speeds*, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.

*Spot*, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.

- Spritely*, lively; IV. vii. 15.  
*Square*, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.  
 —; "kept my square," *i.e.* kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.  
*Square*, fair, just; II. ii. 188.  
*Squares*, squadrons; III. xi. 40.  
*Stabishment*, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.  
*Staged*, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.  
*Stain*, eclipse (Theobald, "strain"; Warburton MS. and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), "stay"; Jackson conj. "stun," etc.); III. iv. 27.  
*Stall*, dwell; V. i. 39.  
*Stand on*, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.  
*Stands upon*; "s. our lives u.," *i.e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.  
*Station*, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.  
*Stays upon*, awaits; I. ii. 116.  
*Steer*, direct, control; V. i. 32.  
*Still*, continually, always; III. ii. 60.  
*Stirr'd*, roused, incited; I. i. 43.  
*Stomach*, inclination; II. ii. 50.  
 —, resent; III. iii. 12.  
*Stomaching*, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.  
*Straight*, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.  
*Strangler*, destroyer (Folios 2, 3, 4, "stranger"; Rowe, "estranger"); II. vi. 122.  
*Stroy'd*, destroyed; III. xi. 54.  
*Studied*; "well s.," desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.  
*Subscribe*, sign; IV. v. 14.  
*Success*, result, issue; III. v. 6.  
*Such*, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.  
*Suffer*, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.  
*Sufficing*, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.  
*Sum*; "the s.," *i.e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.  
*Sworder*, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.  
*Synod*, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.  
*Tabourines*, drums; IV. viii. 37.  
*Take in*, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.  
*Tall*, sturdy; II. vi. 7.  
*Targes*, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.  
*Teeth*; "from his t.," not from his heart; III. iv. 10.  
*Telamon*, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.  
*Temper*, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.  
*Temperance*, chastity; III. xiii. 121.  
 —, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.  
*Tended*; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 210.  
*Terrene*, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.  
*Thanks*, thanks for (Capell conj. "thanks for"); V. ii. 21.



- Them*, themselves (Capell's emendation; Folios, "*his*"; Theobald, "*their*"); III. vi. 88.
- Theme*; "was th. for you," was undertaken in your interest; II. ii. 44.
- Thercabouts*, of that opinion; III. x. 30.
- Thetis*; "my Th.," i.e. "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.
- Thick*; "so th.," i.e. in such quick succession; I. v. 63.
- Thickens*, grows dim; II. iii. 27.
- Think*; "th. and die," i.e. "despond and die" (Hanmer, "*Drink*"; Tyrwhitt conj. "*Wink*"; Becket conj. "*Swink*"); III. xiii. 1.
- Thought*, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.
- Throes*, puts in agony (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*throwes*"; Folio 4, "*throws*"; perhaps "*throws forth*"=brings forth); III. vii. 81.
- Throw upon*, bestow upon; I. ii. 189.
- Tight*, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.
- Timelier*, earlier; II. vi. 52.
- Tinct*, tincture; I. v. 37.
- Tires*, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.
- Token'd*; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *Goa's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.
- Top*, height of; V. i. 43.
- To't*, to get to it; III. x. 32.
- Touch*, attain; V. ii. 330.
- Touches*, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 182.
- Toward*, in preparation; II. vi. 74.
- Toys*, trifles; V. ii. 166.
- Treaties*, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.
- Triple*, third; I. i. 12.
- Triple-turn'd*, three times faithless (Jackson conj. "*triple-train'd*"); IV. xii. 13.
- Trull*, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.
- Turpitude*, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.
- Undoing*, destruction; V. ii. 44.
- Unequal*, unjust; II. v. 101.
- Unfolded*, exposed; V. ii. 170.
- Unnoble*, ignoble; III. xi. 50.
- Unpolicied*, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.
- Unpurposed*, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.
- Unqualified*, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.
- Unseminar'd*, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.
- Unstate*, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.
- Unto*, over; II. ii. 145.
- Upon the river*, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 190.
- Urge*; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.
- Urgent*, pressing; I. ii. 182.



*Use*; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.

*Use*, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.

*Useful*, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

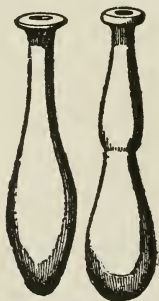
*Vacancy*, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.

*Vantage*, advantage; III. x. 12.

*Varletry*, rabble (Folio 1, "Varlotarie"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "Varlotry"); V. ii. 56.

*Vessels*; "strike the v.," i.e. "tap the casks" (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 100.

*Vials*; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens found in Roman cemeteries in England.

*Vie*, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," i.e. "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.

*View*; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 169.

*Virtue*, valour; IV. viii. 17.

*Waged*, were opposed to each other (Folio 2, "way"; Folios 3, 4, "may"; Rowe, "weigh'd"; Ritson conj. "Weigh"); V. i. 31.

*Wail'd*, bewailed; III. ii. 58.

*Waned*, faded (Folios, "wand"; Johnson conj. "fond"); II. i. 21.

*Vassails*, carousing (Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 3, "Vassails" and "Vassails"; Folio 4, "Vassals"); I. iv. 56.

*Way's*, way he is (so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "wayes"; Hanmer, "way he's"); II. v. 117.

*Weet*, wit, know; I. i. 39.

*Well said*, well done; IV. iv. 28.

*Wharfs*, banks; II. ii. 216.

*What*, why (Collier MS., "Why"); V. ii. 313.

*Which*, who; I. ii. 4.

*Whipp'd with wire*; II. v. 65. (The engraving represents two Roman whips. The thongs of the larger one are set with bones taken from sheep's feet, the other is composed of metal knobs and chains.)

*Whole*, well again; IV. viii. 11.

*Windowed*, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.

*With*, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.

*With's*, with us; III. i. 36.

*Woo't*, wouldst thou (Capell,

"*Wou't*"); IV. ii. 7.

*Words*, flatters with words,  
cajoles; V. ii. 191.

*Worky-day*, ordinary; I. ii. 51.

*Worm*, snake; V. ii. 243.

*Wot'st*, knowest; I. v. 22.

*Wrongled*, misled (Capell,  
"*wrong'd*"); III. vi. 80.

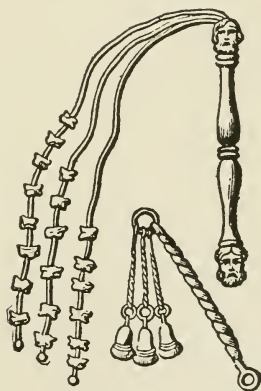
*Yare*, light, active; III. vii. 39.

—, ready; III. xiii. 131.

—, be quick; V. ii. 283.

*Yarely*, readily; II. ii. 214.

*Yield*, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.



Roman whips (See II. v. 65.)

## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 18. '*Grates me: the sum.*'; Folio 1, '*Grates me, the summe.*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Rate me, the summe.*'; Rowe, '*Rate me the sum.*'; Pope, '*It grates me. Tell the sum.*'; Capell, '*T grates me:—The sum.*'; Steevens (1793), '*Grates me:—The sum.*'

I. i. 60-61. '*liar, who Thus speaks of him*'; Pope reads '*liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.*'

I. ii. 5. '*charge*'; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*change*'; Jackson conj. '*chain*'; Williams conj. '*hang*.'

I. ii. 38. '*fertile*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*foretell*' and '*foretel*'; Pope, '*foretold*'; Collier MS., '*fruitful*.'

I. ii. 59-60. '*Alexas,—come*'; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 79. '*Saw you my lord?*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Saue you, my lord.*'

I. ii. 100-105. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 111. '*minds*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, '*windes*'; Collier conj. '*wints*.'

I. ii. 129. '*enchanting*'; so Folio 1; omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads '*Ægyptian*.'

I. ii. 138. '*a compelling occasion*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a compelling an occasion*'; Nicholson conj. '*so compelling an occasion*,' etc.

I. ii. 195-196. '*like the courser's hair*,' etc., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. '*Our*'; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Folios, '*One*'; Hanmer, '*A*.'

I. iv. 22. '*as*'; Johnson conj. '*and*.'

I. iv. 46. '*lackeying*'; '*lacquying*,' Theobald's correction from Anon. MS.; Folios, '*lacking*'; Pope, '*lashing*'; Southern MS., '*backing*.'

I. v. 48. '*an arm-gaunt*'; Folios, '*an Arme-gaunt*'; Hanmer, '*an arm-girt*'; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, '*a termagant*'; Jackson conj. '*a war-gaunt*'; Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, '*an arrogant*'; Lettsom conj. '*a rampaunt*'; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless '*arm-gaunt*' = '*having lean fore-limbs*.'

I. v. 50. '*beastly*'; Hanmer, '*beast-like*'; Collier MS., '*boastfully*'; Becket conj. '*basely*.'

II. i. 10. '*powers are crescent*'; Theobald reads, '*pow'r's a crescent*'; Becket conj. '*power is crescent*'; Anon. conj. '*power's a-crescent*.'

II. ii. 44. '*Was theme for you*,' i.e. '*had you for its theme*'; Johnson conj. '*Had theme from you*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*For theme was you*'; Staunton conj. '*Had you for theme*'; Orson conj. '*Was known for yours*,' etc.

II. ii. 111. '*your considerate stone*,' i.e. '*I am silent as a stone*'; Heath conj. '*your confederate love*'; Johnson, '*your considerate ones*'; Blackstone conj. '*your consideratest one*,' etc., etc.

II. ii. 211. '*And made their bends adornings*'; i. e. "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. ii. 218. '*Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone*.' A good idea of the public enthronement of the Roman emperors is afforded by the accompanying engraving of a coin of Trajan. The emperor superintends the bestowal of gifts upon his citizens by his steward.



'*Anthony enthroned in the market-place did sit alone*.'

II. iii. 2. '*my prayers*'; Rowe reads '*in prayers*'; Collier MS., '*with prayers*.'

II. iii. 22. '*a fear*'; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj. '*afeard*'; S. Walker conj. '*afear*.'



*'His cocks do win the battle.'*

II. v. 12. '*Tawny-finn'd*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Tawny-fine*'; Rowe reads '*Tawny-fn*.'

II. v. 103. '*That art not what thou'rt sure of!*'; Hanmer, '*That say'st but what thou'rt sure of*'; Johnson conj. '*That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,*' etc.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that are not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. '*Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,*' alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

II. vii. 52. '*the tears of it are wet*'; Topsell's *History of Serpents* (1608) refers to the

'common proverbe *crocodili lachrima*.' (The popular sixteenth century notions of the form of the crocodile are seen in the annexed engraving, which is copied from an old woodcut.)

II. iii. 30. '*he away, 'tis*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*he alway 'tis*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*he alway is*.'

II. iii. 36. '*His cocks do win the battle*.' The accompanying representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman lamp in terra cotta.

II. iii. 38. '*in hoop'd*,' i.e. enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, '*in-coop'd*'; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, '*in whoop'd-at*.'



*'The tears of it are wet.'*

II. vii. 76. '*there*'; Pope, '*then*'; Steevens conj. '*theirs*.'

II. vii. 97. '*increase the reels*'; Steevens '*and grease the wheels*'; Douce '*increase the revels*.'

II. vii. 115. '*bear*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*beat*.'

III. v. 14. '*Then, world, thou hast*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Then would thou hadst*'; Warburton MS., '*Then would thou hadst*'; '*chaps, no*,' Theobald's reading of Folios, '*chaps no*.'

III. vi. 53. '*left unloved*'; Collier MS., '*held unloved*'; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, '*felt unloved*'; Seymour conj., '*left unvalued*.'

III. vii. 5. '*If not denounced against us*'; Hanmer reads, '*Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?*'; Jackson conj., '*Is't not? Denounce against us!*'; etc.

III. vii. 69. '*his whole action grows Not in the power on't*,' i.e. "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," etc. (Malone).

III. xii. 13. '*lessens*'; Folio, '*Lessons*.' Mr. A. E. Thiselton, in support of the Folio reading, which he interprets '*schools*' or '*disciplines*,' calls attention to the initial capital letter indicating 'an emphasis which the feeble *lessens* would hardly carry.'

III. xii. 28-29. '*And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers*'; Grant White conj., '*What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention*'; Walker, '*and more . . . From thine invention offer*.'

III. xiii. 162. '*Cæsarion smite*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Cæsarian smile*.'

IV. iv. 3. '*mine*'; Folios, '*thine*.'

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. '*Dispatch. Enobarbus!*'; Steevens (1773) reading; Folio 1, '*Dispatch Enobarbus*'; Folio 2, '*Dispatch Eros*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Dispatch, Eros*'; Pope, '*dispatch my Eros*'; Johnson conj. '*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!*'; Capell, '*Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!*'; Rann, '*Eros! Dispatch*'; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, '*Eros, despatch*'; Anon. conj., '*Domitius Enobarbus!*'

IV. vi. 13. '*persuade*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*disswade*.'

IV. viii. 23. '*favouring*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*savouring*.'

IV. xii. 25. '*soul*'; Capell, '*soil*'; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., '*spell*'; S. Walker conj., '*snake*': '*grave*'; Pope reads

'gay'; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., 'great'; Singer (ed. 2), 'grand.'

IV. xiv. 87. 'Lo thee'; Grant White conj., 'Lo there.'

IV. xv. 10. 'Burn the great sphere'; Hanmer, 'Turn from the sphere'; Warburton, 'Turn from th' great sphere.'

IV. xv. 11. 'shore'; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, 'star.'

IV. xv. 21. 'I dare not'; Malone conj., 'I dare not descend'; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, 'I dare not come down'; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, 'I dare not ope the gates'; etc.



'Fortune and her wheel.'

From a large brass coin of Gordian.

IV. xv. 44. 'the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.' (Cp. illustration.)

IV. xv. 73. 'No more, but e'en a woman'; Capell's version; Folios read 'No more but in a Woman'; Rowe, 'No more but a meer woman'; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, 'No more—but e'en a woman.'

V. i. 15. 'crack: the round world'; Steevens conj., 'crack than this: the ruin'd world'; Singer conj., 'crack: the round world convulsive'; Nicholson conj., 'crack: the round world in rending'; Daniel conj., 'crack in the round world'; etc.

V. i. 24. 'Splitted the heart'; Collier MS., 'Split that self noble heart'; Elze conj., 'Splitted that very heart.'

V. i. 59-60. 'live To be ungentle'; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Folios read 'leauē to be ungentle'; Capell, 'Leave to be gentle'; Tyrwhitt conj., 'learn To be ungentle'; Gould conj., 'bear to be ungentle.'

V. ii. 7. 'dug'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, 'dugg'; Folios, 'dung'; Nicholson conj., 'tongue'; Cartwright conj., 'ærong'; Bailey conj., 'doom.'

V. ii. 50. 'necessary'; Hanmer, 'accessary'; Malone conj., 'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'; Ritson conj., 'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'

V. ii. 87. 'an autumn 'twas'; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Folios read 'an Anthony it was'; etc.

V. ii. 104. 'smites'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 'suites';

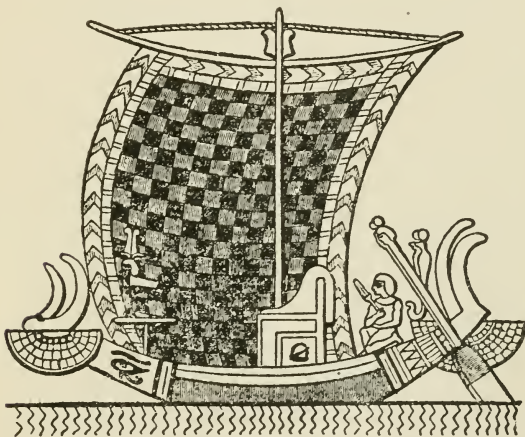


Folios 3, 4, '*suits*'; Pope '*shoots*.' I am inclined to agree with Mr. A. E. Thiselton that Pope's correction is unimpeachable.

V. ii. 174. '*my chance*,' i.e. my changed fortune, lot; Hammer reads '*mischance*'; S. Walker conj., '*my change*'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, '*my glance*.'

V. ii. 178-179. '*We answer others' merits in our name, Are*'; Malone's reading; Folios, '*We answer others merits, in our name Are*'; etc.

V. ii. 352. '*caves*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*caues*'; Barry conj., '*canes*'; Anon. conj., '*eaves*'; Perring conj., '*course*.'



'*The barge she sat in*' (II. ii. 194.)

From a wall-painting on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes.



## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

8. *reneges*:—Coleridge's suggestion that this word should be spelled *reneague* is supported by the following passage quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* from Udal's New Testament, Luke i.: "Those that vaunted themselves by the glorious name of Israel, those he hath *reneagued* and put away from the inheritance of the promises made unto Israel."

1. *There's beggary*, etc.:—So in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 32: "They are but *beggars* that can count their worth." And in Martial, vi. 36: "*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc.:—Then must you set the boundary at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.

44. *for the love of Love*:—That is, for the sake of the goddess of Love.

53. *To-night*, etc.:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."

60. That he *confirms* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *approve* for *prove*, as also *appproof* for *proof*.

## Scene II.

23. *heat my liver*:—The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

27. *a child at fifty*:—"This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex than breeding at an advanced period of life."

35. *no names*:—Charmian has not been married, and, if she is not to have better fortune, her children will not know their father, therefore will be bastards and nameless. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 14-16: "That's as much as to say, *bastard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*."

49, 50. *an oily palm*, etc.:—This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*, III. iv.:—

"This hand is moist, my lady. . . .  
This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart."

101. *Stiff news* is *hard news*.

102. *Extended Asia from Euphrates*:—*Extend* is often found in the old writers for *seize*; *extent* for *seizure*, etc. So in *As You Like It*, III. i. 16, 17:—

"And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

So too in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:—

Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*  
From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had overrun Asia from Euphrates, and Syria to Lydia and Ionia. Euphrates here is accented on the first syllable. Shakespeare uses the name only in this instance. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 21, has it accented in the same way in this line: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

125-127. *the present pleasure*, etc.:—The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. There seems to be an implied allusion to the turning of a wheel, suggested, as some think, by the "wheel of fortune."

## Scene III.

3. *I did not send you*:—"You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge." So in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. ii. 72: "We met by chance; you did not find me here."

8. *I do not?*—We must understand *that* as supplied: "What should I do *that* I do not?" The ellipsis of the relative was common then, as it is now.

16, 17. *the sides of nature*, etc.:—So in *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 95, 96:—

"There is no woman's *sides*  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

36. *in our brows' bent*:—That is, in the bending or arching of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in *King John*, IV. ii. 90: "Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?"

57, 58. *Though age*, etc.:—Cleopatra here apparently means, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

63, 64. *vials . . . water*:—Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

84. *Herculean*:—Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

91-93. *But that*, etc.:—An antithesis is intended between *royalty* and *subject*. The meaning is, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

96, 97. *Since my becoming*s, etc.:—That which would seem to become me most is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.

103, 104. *That thou residing here*, etc.:—A strikingly similar thought occurs in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

"She went, they staid; or, rightly for to say,  
She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

## Scene IV.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc.:—As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so

the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his virtues, which give relief to his faults, and make them show out more prominently.

25-28. *If he fill'd . . . call on him for't*:—If Anthony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*.

36-38. *Pompey . . . fear'd Cæsar*:—Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar now show their affection for Pompey.

55-71. *Antony . . . lank'd not*:—This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity, and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eat wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

## Scene V.

4. *Mandragora*:—Compare *Othello*, III. iii. 330-333:—

"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday."

So too in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragora*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."

36, 37. *that great medicine*, etc.:—Alluding, perhaps, to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, was said to convert base metal into gold. The alchemists called the matter, whatever it was, by which they performed transmutation a *medicine*. So Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594: "O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures." And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*." Walker thinks that *medicine* here means physician, and so the word was sometimes used.

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

4, 5. *Whiles we are suitors*, etc.:—*Whiles* for *while*; often used so by Shakespeare. The passage means, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.

26, 27. *prorogue his honour . . . dulness*:—"Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish." *Till* means *to*, according to an ancient usage.

30, 31. *since he went . . . travel*:—Since he left Egypt time enough has elapsed for a longer journey.

### Scene II.

8. *I would not shave't*:—I would meet him without even such a show of respect.

78. *told him of myself*:—Warburton, followed by others, explains this as meaning, "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience." Hudson's explanation (Harvard ed.) is, "I told him this of *my own accord*; or volunteered this information about myself."

85, 86. *The honour*, etc.:—Mason explains that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred*; "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath, I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.

92-94. *mine honesty*, etc.:—My power or greatness shall not work in disregard of my honesty.

112 *et seq.* Cæsar means, "I do not think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it."

123. *Were well deserved of rashness*:—That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.

157-159. *I must thank him only*, etc.:—I must barely thank him lest I be thought too willing to forget his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

173. *from Egypt*:—In *Julius Cæsar* we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink from the well-springs of Greek philosophy and science; in *Antony and Cleopatra* we behold the counter influence and contamination from too close proximity to Asia—for Egypt is in nature Asiatic—the school of courtiers and of all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbour and protection to.

189, 190. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

194 *et seq.* The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:—

“ Her galley down the silver Cyndus row'd,  
 The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,  
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:  
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another seaborne Venus, lay.—  
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if secure of all beholders' hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,  
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
 That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,  
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad  
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
 But hung upon the object: To soft flutes  
 The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,  
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;  
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
 To give their welcome voice.”

239. *Her infinite variety*:—Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of women who have most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, were less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

### Scene III.

3. *bow my prayers*:—The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 217: "*Shouting their emulation.*" And in *King Lear*, II. ii. 82: "*Smile you my speeches?*"

### Scene V.

3. *billiards*:—Many critics have called this an anachronism, as billiards, they say, were not known to the ancients. But Hudson asks, "How do they know this? Late researches," he declares, "have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt which, afterwards lost, have been reinvented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he would lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?"

16-18. *when your diver*, etc.:—This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

23. *Philippan*:—The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.



115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

## Scene VI.

13. *ghosted*:—This verb is used by Burton in the preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: “What madness *ghosts* this old man? but what madness *ghosts* us all?”

26, 27. *At land indeed* thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father’s house. *O’ercount* is here used equivocally, and Pompey insinuates that Antony not only outnumbered, but had overreached him. The circumstance of Antony’s obtaining the house of Pompey’s father the Poet had from Plutarch.

28, 29. Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

43-47. *though I lose*, etc.:—Clarke here comments: “The historical fact of Sextus Pompey’s having courteously received Antony’s mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment—declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it—is the dramatist’s own exquisite addition.”

55. *What counts . . . my face*:—A metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts.

71. *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress*:—This is from the margin of North’s *Plutarch* (the *Life of Julius Cæsar*), 1579: “Cleopatra trussed up in a *matrasse*, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus’ backe.” Reference is here made to this passage in the text. He goes on thus: “She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herself downe upon a *matrasse* or flock-bed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her.” The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher’s *False One*.



## Scene VII.

95-97. *The third part . . . reels*:—Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which Singer saw none. He explained it thus: "Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels,' that is, turn round or change. To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase *the reels*,' that is, increase its giddy course."

118. *pink eyne*:—The following is in *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519: "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of wine.

128, 129. *the wild disguise hath almost antick'd us all*:—Has almost made us antics or buffoons. Upon this scene Clarke observes: "The discriminative characterization developed in each of the revellers—Lepidus's fatuity and solemn dulness floundering beneath the overpowering effect of the repeated healths or toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's reluctance at the subversion of his cold equanimity by the riot of the carousal and the effect of the wine; Enobarbus's mad spirits—yet he even at length giving token of being 'weaker than the wine'; Pompey's capital bit of maudlin ('O Antony, you have my father's house—But, what? we are friends'), half lingering resentment, half drunken magnanimity of forgiveness; the untouched strength of the seasoned Mark Antony, able to bear any amount of drained cups; together with the rich gusto and classical grape-crowned animation of the whole scene, combine to render this one of the most magnificently painted orgy-descriptions ever set down on paper. It glows before our eyes like a Rubens canvas."

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

[*Enter Ventidius.*] How conscientiously Shakespeare kept in view the resolve to indicate the proceeding metamorphosis of the Roman state and Roman society, at the same time that he set forth the characters and fortunes of the triumvir and his para-

mour, is well seen in the short Parthian entrance of Ventidius. He has embodied the biography of Antony by Plutarch from the point at which he takes it up with as much skill as comprehensiveness.

1. *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

27-29. *Thou hast, Ventidius*, etc.:—Warburton interprets thus: “‘Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.’ This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.”

## Scene II.

40. Octavia is to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements—winds and seas—may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage. Johnson and others, however, have explained: “May the different elements of the body be in such proportion and harmony as to keep you cheerful.”

52. *were he a horse*:—A horse is said to have a *cloud* in his face, when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between the eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: “Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herselfe—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds* in her face, be crooked,” etc.

59. *wept*:—The old copies have *weepc*. Theobald’s reading, here given, has been followed by most recent editors. Steevens tried to give a meaning to the old reading: “Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy.”

## Scene III.

32-34. *is’t long on round*, etc.:—This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So in Hill’s *Pleasant History*, 1613: “The head

*very round* to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "The head long, to be prudent and wary." "A low forehead," etc., p. 218.

35, 36. *her forehead as low as she would wish it*:—"As one would wish it" was a cant phrase common in Shakespeare's day. The perverted fancy of our Elizabethan ancestors for a high, that is, bald forehead, is often shown in the Poet and his contemporaries. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 198: "Ay, but her *forehead's low*."

44. *no such thing*:—That is, nothing very remarkable—a colloquial phrase.

### Scene IV.

10. *from his teeth*:—A common expression. So Dryden in his *Wild Gallant*: "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others." And in Withal's *Dictionarie for Children*, 1616: "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward."

10-16. The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, III. i.

### Scene V.

[*Enter Enobarbus*.] The dramatic value of the character of Enobarbus, as Shakespeare has developed it, cannot be over-estimated in such a play with such a theme. Besides a remonstrance against Cleopatra's presence in the war, Plutarch furnishes little more towards the character than this: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage train and men; and the said Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented of his open treason, died immediately after." In the play, Domitius, while he is largely participant in riot and irregularity, and largely accessory to hasty imprudence, and yields to none in appreciation of the seductive charm of Cleopatra, is still in perfect contrast to Antony by his freedom from infatuation. In some respects he is like Cleopatra too, who looks on at the ruin she has made, and mingles pity with her return for the passion that in itself is too degenerate to be called

love unmingled. It is when Antony is gradually overtaking the sympathies of the spectator, that they are recalled by his proofs of nobility of nature on the desertion of Domitius, and the exemplar holds us truer to the end.

14. *no more*:—Of course this phrase does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as *and no more*, or *that is all*: “Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps and nothing more. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them.”

23. *Naught* has here the same meaning as *naughty* or *bad*.

### Scene VI.

3. *Tribunal* here is a stage or platform, as in the Latin usage. This scene is closely copied from North's *Plutarch*.

13. The old copy has *hither* instead of *he there*, and *King* instead of *Kings*. Corrected by Steevens.

### Scene VII.

6, 7. *If not denounced*, etc.:—In the passage of Plutarch which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: “Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire.”

60. *Thetis*:—Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like Thetis surrounded by the Nereids.

### Scene VIII.

In connection with these short scenes, which some critics regard as injuring the Poet's work with too many details and changes

in the action, it may be interesting to read this finely expressed judgement of Lloyd upon the structural quality of the drama: "The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—It reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than *Antony and Cleopatra*—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss." And Brandes has given us this observation: "Assuming that it was Shakespeare's design in *Antony and Cleopatra*, as in *King Lear*, to evoke the conception of a world-catastrophe, we see that he could not in this play, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*, focus the entire action around the leading characters alone. He could not even make the other characters completely subordinate to them; that would have rendered it impossible for him to give the impression of majestic breadth, of an action embracing half of the then known world, which he wanted for the sake of the concluding effect."

### Scene XI.

35. 36. *he at Philippi . . . dancer*:—The meaning appears to be, Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i. 32, 33. "No sword worn, but one to dance with!"

52-54. *How I convey my shame*, etc.:—How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.

### Scene XIII.

47. [*Enter Thyreus.*] Cleopatra's entertainment of Thyreus is her most salient insincerity, and it is hard to decide how far this might not have proceeded. It was a yielding to temptation, if it was anything—the temptation of the ruling passion to fascinate and influence the powerful. Distinct plan is not to be considered in the matter.

55. *he is Cæsar*:—So the second Folio. The first Folio has,

"than he is Cæsar's," which brings obscurity. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: "Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider that he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them."

127. *the hill of Basan*:—This is an allusion to the Psalms: "An high hill as *the hill of Basan*." The idea of the *horned herd* below is also from the same source: "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side." It is not easy to surmise how Shakespeare came to have such allusions in a play like this.

162. *Cæsarion*:—Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

167. *I am satisfied*:—Antony surprises Cleopatra unmistakably, encouraging the messenger of Cæsar, and vents his rage upon the messenger by scourging, and his anger in high reproaches and complaints; and then, as soon as the queen can gain a hearing for honeyed words and high protestation, he is soothed and satisfied at once, and turns again to his old revelry that she had taught him and so often shared.

183. Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the inns of court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

5. *I have many other ways to die*:—Hanmer, conforming the text to the story of Plutarch, read, "*He hath many other ways*," etc. This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare perhaps was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."

### Scene II.

8. *Take all*:—Let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death. So in *King Lear*, III. i. 15: "And bids what will *take all*."

26, 27. "*Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled*

*shadow*, only the external form of what I was." The thought is, as usual, taken from North's *Plutarch*.

35. *onion-eyed*:—We have a similar allusion in I. ii. 172.

38. *Grace grow where those drops fall*:—So in *Richard II.*, III. iv. 104, 105:—

"Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

### Scene III.

23. *Let's see how it will give off*:—This is from Plutarch: "Within a little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

### Scene V.

1. This and some subsequent speeches are given to Eros in the Folios. Theobald assigned them to the soldier, at the suggestion of Thirlby.

### Scene VI.

6, 7. *the three-nook'd world*, etc.:—The meaning is, that the *three-cornered* world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed. So in *King John*, V. vii. 116, 117:—

"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,  
And we shall shock them."

And for a like allusion to the *olive* see *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 87: "But Peace puts forth her *olive* every where." What is the explanation of a three-cornered world, according to the notions of our ancestors? It has never been satisfactorily given.



## Scene VIII.

22. *Get goal for goal of youth*:—At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*. To win a *goal* is to be superior in a contest of activity.

## Scene X.

3, 4. As Brandes remarks, "Antony fights his last battle with Macbeth's Berserk fury, facing with savage bravery what he knows to be invincibly superior force."

7. *They have put forth the haven*:—The gap in this line has been filled in various ways by different editors: Rowe, *further on*; Capell, *hie we on*; Malone, *let's seek a spot*; Dyce, *forward, now* (adopted by Rolfe); White, *ascend we then*; Hudson, *mount we, then*. It should seem that any of these additions might answer well enough for the ordinary reader, whom the present text, perhaps quite as wisely, leaves to his own ingenuity.

## Scene XII.

27. *Whose bosom was my crownet*:—"That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

28. *Like a right gipsy*:—Three times in Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv., and *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. and IV. xii.) Cleopatra is slightly called *gipsy*, probably from the word's resemblance in sound to *Egyptian*. But there was a certain significance in this word-play; for the high-mindedness of the princess and the fickleness of the gipsy were mysteriously combined in her nature.

## Scene XIV.

8. *vesper's pageants*:—The beauty both of the expression and the allusion in this theatrical figure is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon, or elephant, or unicorn; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and



sticks, and ayre." "This is, without doubt," says Hazlitt, "one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

19. *To pack the cards* was often used metaphorically for contriving together to deceive another. The Poet means that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*.

53. *Dido and her Æneas*:—It has been remarked that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated. Either the Poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, or confounded Æneas with Sichæus inadvertently.

60. *Less noble mind* must be understood as if written *less noble-minded*, as some editors have it. Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."

76, 77. *branded*, etc.:—Branded with baseness him who then followed.

## Scene XV.

9-11. It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

62. [*Antony dies.*] When Antony and Cleopatra perished with each other, she was in her thirty-ninth, he in his fifty-fourth year. She was thus almost three times as old as Juliet, he more than double the age of Romeo.

74. *Chares*:—This word—now spelt and pronounced *chares*—is used by Shakespeare only here and in V. ii. 231 of this play. It was long ago used, as it still is provincially, to denote odd jobs of work, especially daily tasks in domestic or farm service, and the like. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*."

## ACT FIFTH.

## Scene I.

5. *Appear thus*:—That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

47, 48. *should divide*, etc.:—That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

52. *A poor Egyptian yet*:—That is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the Queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

## Scene II.

4-8. *and it is great*, etc.:—The meaning appears to be that voluntary death is an act which *bolts up change*; it produces a state which has no longer need of gross terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. "*Nurse*," says Hudson, "appears to be used here for *nourishment*. Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if anything that depends upon such coarse vulgar feeding were not worth keeping." Hudson, of course, reads *dung* instead of *dug*. On this alternative White, who also retains *dung*, remarks: "Warburton read 'the *dug*.' The correction is of the obvious sort, and is indicated by 'palates' and 'nurse,' as well as by the similarity in form between the original and the substituted word. But as I am unable to discern what is the *dug* which is the 'beggar's nurse and Cæsar's,' and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change."

29, 30. "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

35. [*Here Proculeius*, etc.] "This stage direction," says White, "is not in the Folio, but is formed upon the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch*. The scene is one which it is almost impossible to play upon a modern stage; but in Shakespeare's day, when they could 'make believe' as hard as Mr. Richard Swiveller's little Marchioness did over her orange peel and water, there was no such difficulty." "*Proculeius*," says Plutarch, "came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra de-

maunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes; and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his bounty and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her."

50. *Once* is used by Shakespeare for *one time, some time, any time*. We may take the meaning of this line, which Singer placed in parenthesis, to be, "If idle talk about my purposes be necessary for the nonce." Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future.

174. *My chance*:—Most editors have retained this reading, the meaning of which can only be that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. Chaucer has a similar image: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken." And in Gray's *Elegy*: "E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires." But Hudson (Harvard ed.) in following Dr. Ingleby and substituting *glance* for *chance* persuasively argues that her native fire might flame up through the ashes of her former beauty and burn in her eyes.

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons*:—Be not a prisoner in imagination.

229. *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and, what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.

240. *Fleeting* is another form of *flitting*; is *changeable, inconstant*.

243. *Worm* was commonly used for *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon. We have it still in the *blindworm* and *slowworm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which is wholly unknown to us.

256, 257. *he that will believe*, etc.:—Warburton observes that “Shakespeare’s clowns are always jesters, and deal in sly satire”: but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humour of the clown’s speech.

289. *I am fire and air*:—According to the old philosophy there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *Henry V.*, III. vii. 22-24, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: “He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.”

293. *aspic*:—Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

313. [*Dies*.] Notwithstanding that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cæsar and his soldiers are left duped and defied and disappointed.

319. *and then play*:—Charmian perhaps remembers the words of her mistress (231, 232): “When thou hast done this chare I’ll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday.”

352-355. *Most probable . . . die*:—The following, somewhat condensed, is from the account given by Plutarch: “Cleopatra was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proofe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry proofes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any paine.”

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Questions on Antony and Cleopatra.

1. What is the date of composition? To what period of Shakespeare's development does it belong, and before and after what plays does it come?

2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials of his plot? What elements of the **play** are due to the dramatist's own genius? What other plays have been written on the same subject?

3. How much time is covered by the action? What historic period is embraced in the limits of the action?

### ACT FIRST.

4. How is the plot subsumed in the opening speech? Is there disregard of convention in bringing the two protagonists at once upon the stage?

5. What is the passion at once introduced? What other motive is it quickly brought in conflict with? Who is Fulvia? How does Antony receive Cleopatra's references to her?

6. What political relation did Egypt bear to Rome at this time? Who was emperor at Rome? What was his age; Antony's previous relations with him?

7. What was Antony's mission in the East? Officially what position did Antony hold in the Roman state? What is the nature of his utterance in Sc. ii., 97-100?

8. Who was Labienus? What is the recital of his achievements in the East designed to point out? What effect does the news have upon the mood of Antony?

9. What do you learn of the character of Fulvia? What had been her influence over Antony? How had the effect of this influence made him an easier mark for Cleopatra? How did Fulvia's death affect Antony?

10. How does Enobarbus meet Antony's determination to depart? What besides the death of Fulvia incited Antony to leave Egypt? Were his personal fortunes endangered?

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Questions

11. What direction does Antony give to Enobarbus at the end of Sc. ii.?

12. What had induced in Cleopatra the mood she displays at the beginning of Sc. iii.? What trait of character does it show?

13. What statement of political conditions does Antony give Cleopatra? Could Cleopatra feel any personal interest in the recital? Had she the mind of a ruler?

14. Has Antony yet realized the strength of his thralldom under Cleopatra? What two opinions of Antony do you get at the opening of Sc. iv.? How much of each was just and how much due to the personal temper of the speakers?

15. Who was Lepidus? What was his relation to Octavius and Antony?

16. How large a stage does Sc. iv. set for the enveloping action? Are they historic facts that Cæsar mentions in lines 56-71?

17. What means line 69: *It wounds thine honour that I speak it now?*

18. What feeling overtakes Cleopatra in Antony's absence? What is the nature of her jests? How does she describe herself? How much is truth and how much historic exaggeration? To what do her words concerning Cæsar and Pompey refer?

19. How has Cleopatra contrived to get news of Antony during his absence? Do you call this passion of Cleopatra love? Does she so call it? How might it be named?

20. What has the first Act established as the *motif* of the play? What means are employed to suggest infinite proportions?

## ACT SECOND.

21. Is Sc. i. the only one in the play in which Pompey and his associates absorb the action? May this departure from the principles of dramatic composition be said to violate the unity of the action? How is coördination effected and the plot advanced by regarding this Scene as corresponding to a Greek chorus?

22. What really fresh point of view do we get?

23. Was the quarrel with Pompey worthy the steel of the three triumvirs?

24. What view of Antony's soldiership do we derive from Pompey?

25. Antony says to Cæsar (Sc. ii. 63), *The third o' the world is yours*: which third? What parts went to the other triumvirs?



## Questions

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

26. What are the causes of difference between Octavius and Antony? Who comes out the better in their quarrel? What traits of character does each display?

27. What humour is in Enobarbus?

28. What bond of friendship is proposed by Agrippa? What social custom of Rome do we see in the plighting of Octavia? Was Antony even half-hearted in his acceptance?

29. What scrupulousness of honour does he display in regard to Pompey?

30. Locate Mount Misenum.

31. Give the use of the word *fame* in line 165. Did Shakespeare invent Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra *upon the river of Cydnus*?

32. What comment on Antony's susceptibility does Enobarbus make? Does anybody aside from Enobarbus thoroughly understand Antony?

33. What impression do you get of Octavia (Sc. iii.) on her first entrance?

34. If the soothsayer had reported differently, had Antony force of character enough to pursue the changed course of his actions?

35. Against whom was Ventidius's expedition to Parthia?

36. Sc. iv. represents the setting forth in which direction?

37. What line of another play of Shakespeare's does the first of Sc. v. suggest?

38. What anachronism does this Scene contain?

39. Do you see any suggestion of cruelty in Cleopatra's nature embodied in her description of the fishing? What is the incident Cleopatra and Charmian here recall? Explain Cleopatra's probable meaning in calling Antony's sword *Philippian*.

40. Compare the scene where Cleopatra receives the messenger from Rome with some modern play of similar type—say Sardou's *La Tosca*. Has Shakespeare been excelled in emotional pitch? What passions here contend for mastery in Cleopatra? Cleopatra's impatience for news defeats her means of getting it: could this trait be properly attributed to a man? In her descent to violence with the messengers can you still apply the words of Enobarbus that *vilest things become themselves in her*?

41. Where was Misenum? What was the purpose of the meeting (Sc. vi.) of the generals? What special cause of quarrel had Pompey with Mark Antony? Was it on account of the *strange courtesies* that Antony previously referred to?

42. What new view of Enobarbus do you get from Pompey?

What prophecies of future events does Enobarbus make to Menas? Do we feel the force and truth of these observations? Is Enobarbus the perfect type of the man of the world?

43. Explain the meaning of vii. 5 applied to Lepidus, *They have made him drink alms-drink*? Is there dramatic reality in this colloquy of the servants; that is, is not the pitch too high for what might rationally be expected of servants? What function as "machinery" may they be said to perform? Do you find here the key struck for the succeeding dialogue in which Lepidus figures? Does this dialogue indicate the status of Lepidus among the triumvirs?

44. What does Menas propose to Pompey? Why does Pompey reply, *In me 'tis villany*? May we believe that Pompey's only motive for not entertaining Menas's proposal was the one he alleges?

45. *Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, shall never find it more*: Where in another often quoted phrase has Shakespeare uttered the same thought?

46. Do we discover Enobarbus to be a wit equal, let us say, to Touchstone?

### ACT THIRD.

47. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. i.? Who was Marcus Crassus? How does this Scene extend the stage of action back of the limits of the present play? Is there justification for so doing?

48. What worldly wisdom does Ventidius display?

49. What is the temper of Enobarbus's words in his dialogue with Agrippa (Sc. ii.)?

50. What parting injunction respecting Octavia does Cæsar give Antony? What effect has it on Antony? Is the auditor sensible of a certain irony in the situation whenever these new marital relations of Antony are presented?

51. What is the effect of Sc. iii. in building up to the final catastrophe?

52. What new difference arises between Cæsar and Antony?

53. What mission is Octavia about to undertake as discussed by her and Antony in Sc. iv.?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. v.?

55. Where is Antony when Cæsar accuses him in Sc. vi.?

56. What do we learn of the developing fortunes of the triumvirs?



## Questions

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

57. What is the æsthetic effect of the list of kings of the earth recited (vi. 68-76) by Cæsar?

58. What event has intervened before Scs. vi. and vii.?

59. What was the report current in Rome about the management of the war?

60. What advice did Antony get from his generals respecting the approaching fight? How does his conduct towards them point to his deterioration?

61. What was the condition of the fight when Cleopatra fled from the battle?

62. What does Enobarbus say about his continued allegiance to Antony?

63. What noble traits does Antony show in his shame? Do Antony's reproaches to Cleopatra at all lift the shame from his shoulders?

64. What overtures are sent by both Antony and Cleopatra to Cæsar? What is the reply of Cæsar? In what light does Cæsar's commission to Thyreus show up his previous judgement upon Antony and Cleopatra?

65. Did Cleopatra expect such answer as Enobarbus gave to her inquiry in Sc. xiii.?

66. What challenge did Antony send Cæsar after the receipt of Euphronius's message? What message does Thyreus bring? How is he answered by Cleopatra? How does she show her inconstancy?

67. In the reconciliation with Antony does Cleopatra employ deceit?

## ACT FOURTH.

68. How does Cæsar receive Mark Antony's return of his messenger?

69. What does Sc. ii. show Antony to have lost?

70. What effect of mystery does Sc. iii. convey?

71. Is there return of the old Antony in his farewell to Cleopatra before going to battle?

72. Is there dramatic fitness in the way the desertion of Enobarbus is finally accomplished? Does it strengthen the feeling of the ruin that falls about Antony? What did Mark Antony do after hearing of it?

73. What was the result of the first day's fight?

74. What was the end of Enobarbus? Who, if any, was nobler or saner than he?

75. In Sc. xii. is there dignity in the anger of Antony against Cleopatra? Why does Cleopatra escape without attempting defence? What was Cleopatra's last supreme device for winning Antony? What is the effect on Antony of the news that Cleopatra is dead? Is it "divine despair"?

76. What service does Antony demand (Sc. xiv.) of Eros? What comment on Antony's reputation does Eros furnish in his self-sacrifice?

77. How does Dercetas hope to profit through Antony's death? What message does Diomedes bring to the wounded Antony?

78. What was the "monument"? What poetic refrain (Sc. xv.) does Antony utter?

79. What are Cleopatra's parting words to the dead Antony? What suggestion do they give of her infatuation? What supreme touch of poetry is given in lines 66-68?

80. Has Cleopatra uttered any more elevated sentiments than those with which the Act closes? Does Cleopatra justify suicide for her own case? Considered dramatically and historically, has this questioning of the sin of suicide any fitness in Cleopatra's utterance? Do we possibly derive here some insight into the secret working of Shakespeare's belief?

## ACT FIFTH.

81. How does Cæsar receive the news of Antony's death?

82. What comment on Octavius does Agrippa utter?

83. What misgiving concerning Cleopatra does the entrance of the Egyptian at the particular moment when Antony's praises are sung, make on the reader?

84. What effect is produced by recalling the message with which Dolabella is sent?

85. What estimate of Cæsar does Cleopatra make in the opening of Sc. ii.? Do you feel it just? What estimate has Cæsar of Cleopatra? How does he design to use her? Where did Antony bespeak trust in Proculeius, and why? What does Cleopatra ask of Cæsar?

86. What alternative does Cleopatra prefer to going to Rome in the train of Cæsar? Who informs Cleopatra of Cæsar's determination concerning her future? What warning does Cæsar give her at their meeting? What trick of Cæsar was revealed by

Seleucus? Has Cleopatra's picture of the play at Rome historic or Elizabethan significance?

87. For inconsequence of speech, what others of Shakespeare's creations does the Clown resemble? What view of Cleopatra do you get, in that she could jest with a simple clown amid the ruin of her fortunes? Compare the self-slaughter of Cleopatra with that of Juliet. Which showed more courage?

88. What similarity of theme do you notice between this play and *Macbeth*? Is this an action or a passion drama? Has Shakespeare ever before chosen so large a stage for his action?

89. How does this play supplement *Julius Cæsar*?

90. Compare *Romco and Juliet* with this play and state any points of similarity or contrast. Which is the greater play?

91. How closely does Shakespeare hold to Plutarch's narrative?

92. Does the play seem overcrowded with minor characters?

93. How does the character of Antony as displayed in *Julius Cæsar* compare with the Antony of the present play?

94. Which side is the real Antony, the soldier or the artist-bohemian?

95. How in this play does Shakespeare make you feel the force of the qualities of Antony that the play of *Julius Cæsar* is more occupied with? Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to him by the people of the play, and compare them with the impressions you have received of him.

96. Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to Cleopatra. Do you feel the truth of these in the person that Shakespeare portrays?

97. In Dryden's *All for Love* Octavia and Cleopatra are made to meet and indulge in recrimination. Do you feel that Shakespeare shows the finer art in keeping them apart?

98. Do you find that Enobarbus possesses traits in common with Hamlet, or Charles II., or Dean Swift?

99. What underlying principle of the philosophy of life does Shakespeare inculcate in this play?

100. What can you say of the purely artistic or imaginative qualities of the play? Does it contain as beautiful poetry as, for instance, *Macbeth*? Is it overmatched in Oriental opulence of colour by any other play—say *Othello*? Notice the frequency with which the moon is referred to. What effect of mystery is thus obtained?









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